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THE LURE OF THE ORCHID: THE ARISTOCRAT AMONG FLOWERS: BY JOHN E. LAGER



THROUGH the dim, greenish light of tropical forests, brilliantly hued parrots, paraquets, and Paradise birds fly aloft, like flames leaping free of the fire, flames that glow and flash, that sting not nor blast. Butterflies luminous as humming birds' throats or richly soft as velvets from Persia's looms, flit here and there.

Flowers of sunset colors jewel the ground, serpents gay striped as silken ribbons glide through the grass. But something else is in that magical place yet more marvelously colored, something that swings in the tree-tops, clings to the branches with rainbow-tinted wings, that furl and unfurl with every passing breath of air. Half flower, half bird, wholly mysterious, endowed with a strange beauty, they seem of another world.

Those radiantly colored and exquisitely formed things that arrest the attention and hold the eye upward are orchids—flowers of the air. They are of a noble family of plants, differing from all things that put forth blossoms, for they dwell high upon the branches of trees, scorning the lowly ground. They are nourished by the air instead of earth and, as W. H. Hudson observed, "do not fade nor perish as do other flowers. Though they have life and growth like others of their race they are of a different kind of life, unconscious but higher." He tells of a white orchid that he found in the Queneveta Mountains of Guinea, so beautiful that he went back day after day to look at it. Each day the clear, exquisite lines of that perfect flower remained undimmed, the purity of its luster unchanged. "Why," he questioned, "does not that flower that seems cut by a divinely inspired artist from some precious stone, whiter than milk, opaque yet with a crystalline luster on its surface, fade and perish?" He said the Indians of that region, though seldom noticing a flower, would veil their faces at sight of it and turn back. Even the browsing beast, crashing his way through the forest, struck with its strange glory, would swirl aside and pass without harming it.

The first sight of *Cattleya* blooming high in the air with green foliage as a background is always a startling sight even for a man who is accustomed to plant beauty. Most of the *Cattleyas* and *Læ-*

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lias grow upon the trees in position where they are partly shaded by some branch and yet are able at some part of the day to receive a certain amount of sunlight. These gorgeous flowers do not feed upon the trees, are in no sense of the word parasites. The tree is simply a means to which they cling, from which they may send out long tendrils into the air to absorb moisture.

There are some terrestrial orchids, among which are the wonderful *Cypripediums*, but the majority of the orchids under cultivation are epiphytes or air plants. Though they take no nourishment from the tree and injure it in no way, yet they are never found on dead trees. This is because upon the live trees the bark is moist and thus helps sustain the life of the plant in the dry season.

THE distribution of the exotic orchids that are most favored by the big florists is limited to the tropical countries in both the old and the new world. Asia contributes most of the orchids found on the Eastern Hemisphere. From her we get the *Dendrobiums*, *Vandas*, *Phalaenopsis*, *Cypripediums* and many others. In tropical America, from Mexico southwards we obtain *Laelias*, *Odonoglossums*, *Oncidium*s, *Miltonias*, *Brassavolas*, *Peristerias*, *Stanhopeas*, *Selenipediums* and the greatest favorite of all, the *Cattleyas*. It is an erroneous idea that persists in the mind of many people that orchids grow in swamps and unhealthy regions. The truth is they are rarely if ever found in swamps, most of the species growing in the forests, on hillsides or in the foothills, where the atmosphere is always moist and breezy. Some of them grow almost up to the snow level, and these are perhaps the most wonderful of all, but are not practical for growth in America.

Where the *Cattleya gigas* flourishes there is always a fresh, invigorating atmosphere and the tree on which it grows often stands solitary, while where its sister, *Cattleya chrysotoxa*, grows, the air is a little warmer and the trees somewhat denser together, affording them much greater moisture. A curious fact is to be noted here in connection with these two plants, namely, the natural hybrids found among them. Both of these *Cattleya*, taken in general, are grown in separate houses, yet through some strange coincidence the two sometimes join hands as it were, resulting in a new creation.

The time to see the *Cattleya gigas* in their prime is in May and June, which has given it the local name of Flor de San Juan. If there be anything in the flower world that excels the beauty of this plant it is its sister, *chrysotoxa*.

Orchids are not at all difficult to grow. Any kind of a greenhouse will answer the purpose, though the best exposure for them is

PURPLE
AND
WHITE
HYBRID
ORCHID,
(*Laelia
cattleya
elegans*),
produced
by
crossing
a
Cattleya
and
Laelia:

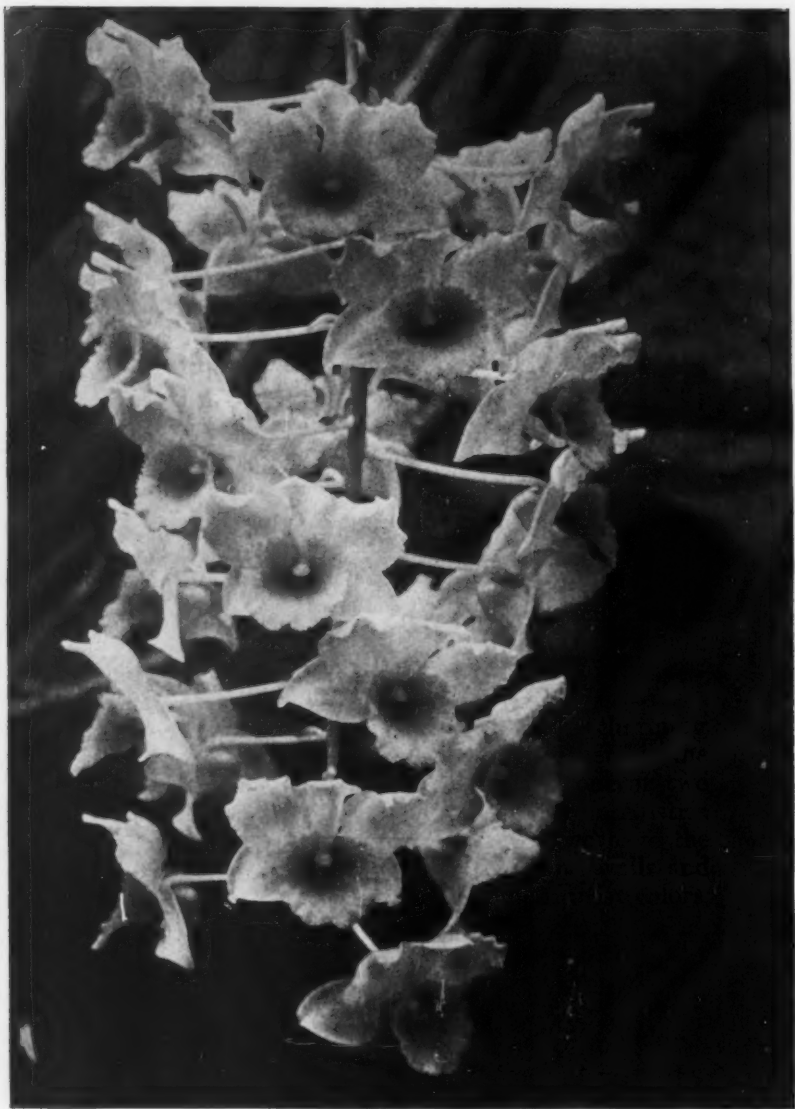
Many
years
of
patient
watching
are
required
to
create
new
species;
but
the
beauty
of
form
and
coloring
attained
makes
any
labor
worth
while.



"ORCHIDS."

A bunch of arrows and rings, a bit of feathers and lace,
The butterfly's wings, and many more things
Of infinite beauty and grace; rich tints of the sunset glow,
Deep purples and reds so rare spring to life and grow—
How, we do not know, into angel-flowers of air.

Harriet Rossiter Lewis.

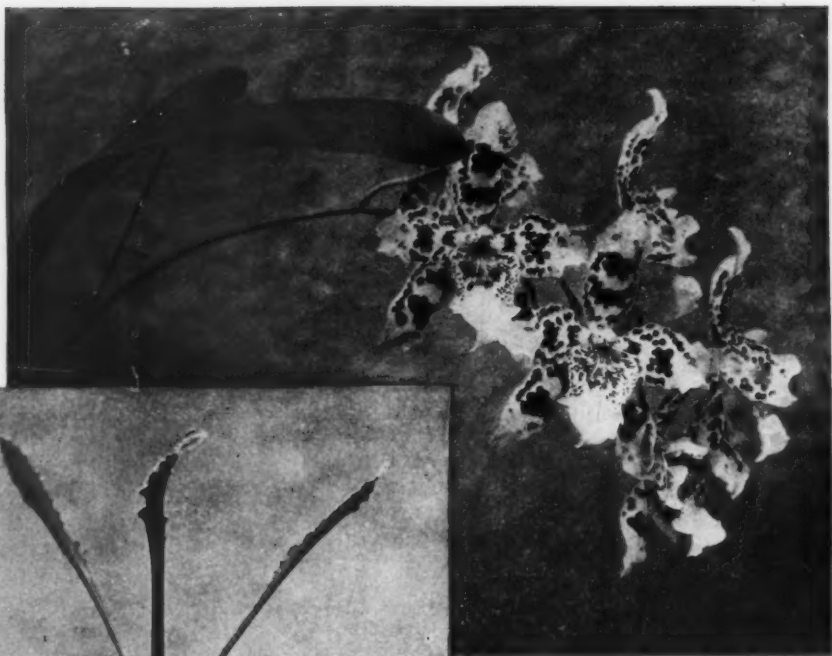


AN ORCHID GROWING ON THE EXPOSED
ROCKS in Burma (*Dendrobium thyrsiflorum*): The colors
vary from white with yellow centers to those which are a
pure egg-yolk yellow with darker centers.

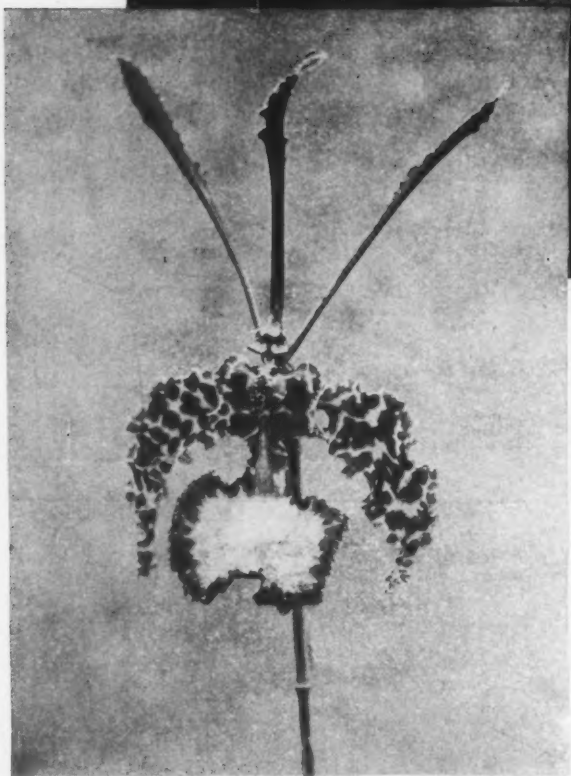


THIS BEAUTIFUL perfect white orchid (*Brasso cattleya digbiana*) was produced in cultivation after many years' trials: The original plants were imported from Brazil.

All the photographs in this article by Arthur Palmer are from Orchids cultivated by Arthur Cooley in his greenhouses at Pittsfield, Mass.



THE WHITE PETALS of the orchid shown above (*Odon-toglossum crispum merificum*), one of the most beautiful of all known, is splashed with dark red and black spots: The stamens are yellow, giving the plant an unusually striking color scheme.



A BUTTERFLY ORCHID (*Oncidium papilio*) from the Andes: The dorsal sepals standing erect are like the antennæ of a brilliant butterfly: The colors are white, yellow and dark brown.

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undoubtedly east and west. The southern exposure is also good; the northern is the least desirable for the greater number of orchids. The glass should be slightly shaded either by painting or by adjustment of roller blinds. Beginners will find it wise perhaps to purchase from local growers orchids that are already climatized. Certainly this is the easiest method, yet to establish freshly imported ones is exceedingly interesting and not, on the whole, difficult and occasionally some rare surprise will be found in importations. When orchids arrive from the tropics they are often shriveled and in poor condition. They should be unpacked at once and spread out in a shaded greenhouse on benches and covered over for a few days with cheesecloth, for if taken out of the box and exposed at once to the full light the leaves are liable to drop off. After a few days the cheesecloth may be removed and the plants slightly sprinkled once or twice a day at first and later on several times a day. The plants will soon respond and begin to fill out and the dormant eyes begin to swell. Then the potting may be commenced. The material best for this purpose is the osmunda fiber. Coarse material should be avoided, as it releases the water too quickly. The kind of receptacle used is immaterial, though pots are perhaps best for certain kinds because they hold the moisture.

Place a good layer of broken pot-sherds in the bottom of the basket or pot. Allow at least one-quarter of the space for draining. Adjust the plant on some fiber, taking care not to use too large a pot. If the front part of the plant is placed one-half inch from the rim of the pot it is all that is necessary, while some of the back bulbs may even touch the rim. Work the material all around the plant, holding it in such a way that the rhizome is always left on top of the material. Work the material toward the center, pressing toward the center for each new piece of peat. This is generally done by means of a stick. In this way the material is bound together closely and the plant is left firm. All orchids must be potted very firmly, else they will not thrive. In addition to the peat it is well to add here and there a piece of charcoal in order to keep the compost somewhat open and at the same time firm. Plants are now ready to be placed in the greenhouse under the moderately shaded glassed-in atmosphere, always moist and kept sweet and fresh by judicious ventilation. As the flowers appear great care must be exercised in regard to the moisture and the atmosphere should be kept drier, else the flowers will spot. Watering should be done early in the morning, and if the weather permits, air given to carry off surplus moisture. After the flowering season is over and plants are resting and practically dormant, the repotting and overhauling can be done in safety.

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VERY little progress has been made in this country in hybridization because it takes from four to eight years according to species to bring a plant to flower from the time the seed is sown. From a practical standpoint there are comparatively few hybrids in orchids that exceed the species in beauty. There are, however, some very wonderful things produced. For instance, the *Brassavola-Cattleya* and *Brassavola-Laelia*s are an entirely distinct departure, like nothing else found in nature. The *Odontodas* are also improvements on the species in every way. Some wonderful things have also been produced in *Cypripediums* and *Odontoglossums*; of the former, in fact, the greater part of those in cultivation are hybrids. In *Laelio-Cattleyas* there are not so very many that surpass the species, except such possibly that have *Cattleya Chrysotoxa* and *Cattleya Dowiana* blood. It is difficult indeed to produce anything more beautiful than *Cattleya Chrysotoxa*, for instance, with its yellow sepals and petals and maroon lip, veined with golden yellow, or such species as *Cattleya Gigas*, *Mendelli*, *Triane*, *Labiata*, *Mossiae*, *Speciosissima*, with their endless varieties including beautiful albino forms. The highest prices ever paid for orchids have generally been for choice varieties of species.

Orchid collecting, though a fascinating occupation, is beset with difficulties. For those who love nature, who wish to see the marvels of the plant world in all its splendor, the joy and excitement outweigh the hardships and dangers endured. There are no well beaten paths for the enthusiast, for the most accessible regions have been almost denuded of their treasures by hunters who, without knowledge, have ravished whole sections of the country in such a way that the plants are worthless when they arrive at their destination and their haunts rendered useless for further seekers. The present-day orchid hunter must plunge into the wilds on foot or muleback if he wishes to find a perfect specimen and use the streams or the highways in shipping them out.

I remember one occasion that illustrates the difficulties under which collectors labor. It had been my good fortune to discover a virgin *Cattleya* district. No white man had ever before robbed those forests of its jewels and to the best of my knowledge no one had even seen them. The plants and the varieties were superb; but the nearest point from which they could be shipped was fifty miles or more over most inferior trails. It would have been extremely difficult even to get pack animals to take the treasures out. There was one other way, namely, to float the precious plants down a wild river in champanes (large canoes). After weeks of labor we had collected at the river's brink a valuable cargo and had made all arrangements to risk, on a



WEIRDLY GREEN is this *Brassavola* orchid from tropical America: Other members of this same family are a beautiful yellow with creamy fringed petals.



FROM THE WESTERN SLOPE of the Andes comes this pansy orchid (*Miltonia vexillaria magnifica*): Its color is light pink with dark red in the center and yellow stamens: This group contains some of the most beautiful orchids in cultivation.

TOOTH-TONGUE is the familiar name of the orchid shown at the right (*Odontoglossum rossii major*): A large genus of great beauty found in the higher region of the Andes from Mexico and Guatemala to Colombia and Bolivia: This one is white with brown spots and looks like some new species of butterfly.



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gambler's venture, the voyage down stream in the early morning.

That night a terrific storm swept over the region and the river rose into a seething freshet which swept down upon the point of land on which the plants were stored, cutting us off from the main land. The boats were caught in a freshet and whirled away. Abandoning our tents, with the water gradually eating toward the plants, we climbed the trees in pitch darkness. Just as we had given up all hope the river began to recede and in the course of time new boats were provided and the plants were taken out. Another ten minutes and the work of months, to say nothing of the fortunate chance of a lifetime in finding such varieties, was saved.

SOMETIMES it is difficult to get men to climb the trees in search of the flowers. They fear the poisonous insects and venomous serpents that are hidden in the deep mosses and tangle of the trunks. Some trees drip poisonous flowers whose touch is fatal. Fevers lurk in every camp, yet there is something about the wild beauty of a tropical forest that continually lures the orchid hunters to try another venture.

Though America has about seventy-five species of orchids distributed through twenty genera, they are mostly terrestrial, and though exceedingly interesting and sometimes very beautiful have little commercial value. Growers often experiment with them and show them in their greenhouses, but it is to the exotics that they give their chief attention. For decorative value in form and color, for brilliant show, for spectacular effect there is no flower in all the world that can touch the orchids. They are essentially a flower for the wealthy. Perhaps never in the world will orchids be within the reach of the populace. Though hundreds of thousands of dollars exchange hands annually through desire of the orchid, they never will become popular like the violet or loved like the rose.

Orchids are the aristocrats among flowers, tremendously admired, eagerly desired, but not necessarily loved. They are not for modest little gardens, but for the hothouses of the wealthy or the commercially minded. They are like court beauties, not simple village maidens; their beauty bewilders instead of comforts; they demand rather than give. They are creatures of another land, brilliant aliens that will never lose their air of aloofness, of cold remoteness from their surroundings. They have been brought from tropical river banks where water fowl call plaintively, from dim, distant virgin fastnesses where bright parrakeets whistle shrilly, from marshy lands where the herons feed. They seem not able to fit in harmoniously with civilization, with the pomp and glory of modern life.

DEMETER'S DAUGHTERS: THE WOMEN OF THE FIELD



WHEN a great call goes up from the earth for help along the most fundamental reaches of life, the answer is almost invariably made by the women of the world. Through motherhood, woman has learned how to nourish and support mankind in the great crisis; through motherhood woman has learned the care of the body, the care of the soul; she has learned that there are times when she must comfort mankind, she knows that her arms must be strong to lift, her breast must succor, that her words must bring courage. She has learned how to leave her home of luxury, of peace, of idleness and move out over the world with healing in her hands. It is no effort for her to turn back and plough the soil and stand in the wheatfield with the winnow in her hand. Woman is today, as she has been from the beginning of the world, Demeter's Daughter.

We had almost forgotten just what her place in the world was, how essential she was, how gracious and gentle and sacrificing until this terrible war swept over all of Europe, and then suddenly we found in England the woman who had been clamoring for the vote taking as a badge of opportunity, the Red Cross, giving her life gladly and cheerfully to the men who had refused her the vote; we found in France the peasant women whom we had grown to think of as dull or heavy or unintelligent, lifting the great agricultural burden of the nation; we found the women from the Boulevard St. Germain opening their houses in Paris when the wounded flocked back from the Marne—we found them gladly remaining in this city when, at the beginning of the war, they were counting the hours before the German occupation. In Italy, in Russia, in Bavaria, Roumania, in Servia, all over the great sorrowing farm country of Europe the women have turned back to the plough. Demeter's daughters are once more doing their father's work.

One wonders if, after this holocaust of agony is over, it will ever again be necessary for women to ask for what they have called in the past "their rights," if they have not established themselves on equal terms with all men of all ages. The great spiritual activity of this entire conflict has flowed out from the souls of the women of the warring nations. I do not mean that there has not been prodigious courage, great valor, splendid accomplishment among the men who have faced death valiantly; but these men have gone out in the great joy and glory of conflict. It is not so easy to feed one's soul through monotony and sorrow and heavy sacrifice. Demeter's daughters bear no Iron Cross.



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RUMANIAN PEASANTS IN THE FIELDS of Transylvania where the work, since Rumania has entered the war, is almost entirely in the hands of the women.

ALL OVER THE WIDE PLAINS OF FRANCE women are doing the work of field laborers, planting the crops and bringing in the harvests.



IN SOUTH HUNGARY, for the third time since August, Nineteen Hundred and Fourteen, the women are harvesting the grapes with the help of old men and sometimes little children.



THE TYPICAL PEASANT WOMAN harvesting grain for her family and country: The cradle in the hands of the woman carries one back to the agricultural methods of the Middle Ages, an interesting contrast to some of the large harvesters of our own western country.



WOUNDED FRENCH COLONIALS working in the fields of France helping the women.

IN WARSAW women and children are doing practically all the agricultural work: This illustration shows the harvesting of the giant pumpkin which is the chief food of the Polish starving poor.

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ALL of the lovers of Eden Phillpotts who know his wonderful story, "Demeter's Daughter," the story of the splendid woman who loves and carries and nourishes the world of men will enjoy the following brief quotation, which is really the story of the World Woman from the days of mythology down to the present moment.

"As he was wont in the Age of Gold, man still looks to goddess Demeter for much that may help his good. She, indeed, endures; she passes not with all other deities, because her feet are set on earth forever and the welfare of man lies in her keeping and the service of man is her care.

"Her name is 'gift,' and who shall deny it to the mother of gifts? Mother to the wild earth always, she waited only human advent that she might extend her ægis over man also; that she might aid his toil and lessen it; that she might bless his fields and multiply their increase. The land and the dwellers upon it are alike sacred to her; the plough and the seed-lip are holy vessels within her temples; the harvest is her prime festival; and the least office of agriculture, a rite. The swinging scythe and falling swathe; the hum of the hone on steel; the rhythmic motion of the hand that sows the seed and the arm that gathers the grain—all these things are hers; and the dust of the threshing floor is her incense, the drip of the cider press her libation. She knows the cool stone flags and dim light of the dairy; she moves also in the yard and byre; she tends the flock upon the hill, and at dawn and sunset comes home from pasture with the sweet-breathing kine. The little honey-makers know her, and she gives her finger to the fallen worker, chilled or hurt upon its homeward way; she helps the sore-spent, thigh-laden thing lighting on the hive-board too weak to enter; she presides at the swarming, guides the nuptial flight and crowns the queen. No nest is too little, no communion too great for her care. All that live must seek her blessing and win their meat from her hand. She steers the full-bosomed cloud and breaks it over the thirsty field; she tempers the sun and the wind to the newborn thing and holds the fringes of her own cloudy mantle between them. Knowing highest sorrow and the grief of robbed maternity, she has an art to sympathize with every lesser pang; against Nature's pitiless self she strives for pity, and her feet are swift to comfort the desolate mother; her ear quick to catch the cry of the children.

"Her name is 'gift.' From her we won the poppy and all that the poppy means; hers also were mandragora and the grape. Before Dionysus was Demeter, and the gods of the hill and dale, of the earth and the river, are younger than she. Pan's self is younger. Yet, while with joy they help her needs and each plays a punctual part in

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her mighty ministrations, she alone reigns over men and beasts and all things living; over the passage of the seasons and over day and night upon earth. Because the darkness knows her also, and the creature whose day is darkness. The owl and the night-jar have seen her and the otter beading the white dawn waters; the folk of holt and den are her subjects; the moon irradiates her kingdom when the sun has set upon it, for of all deities she alone sleeps never.

"The least of earthly forces is made noble by her direction. She helps the wind to gather up the dead leaves and bank them in the hollow; she breaks the stipule from the bud and painlessly plucks the fruit of autumn from the bough. She rocks the earth into its snow-clad sleep, only to strip the white coverlet again and set sweet sap springing when the vernal time returns.

"Yet her joy is forever shadowed by sadness, since without darkness there can be no light, and without death no living. She is a mother and has suffered the agony of loss. Still she flings off the blue hood of the sky and tears her veil of cloud; still dry-eyed, raving, she cries out against the Earth-shaker, at once her brother and the father of her precious ones; still she hears Persephone's despairing cry in the voices of fearful brides and unhappy children; still she comes distraught amongst men to utter her wrongs and revenge herself upon the whole earth.

"Her name is 'gift,' and, mourn as she may, out of her mighty heart's love she can still succour the children of men, still take them, as Demophoon of old, to her deep bosom and seek to render them immortal in the red heart of altar fires. But few mothers can face that awful way of immortality for their babes; few men can read the truth of Demeter's counter-strokes against the relentless Zeus; in shutting the watersprings, in holding up the curtains of the rain; in starving the seed corn under the furrow, in suffering the coulter vainly to tear an iron and a barren earth.

"One may, however, read the reconciliations of the Homeric hymn as prologue to these things to be told—as a prelude of celestial music breaking forth upon a theater were earth people, precious to the goddess, move and breathe and have their beginning, being, end; where—on these dawn-facing hills of Holne—Demeter leads the desert above to join hands with the tilth below, so that cultivated earth and high, waste places come congruently together and meet in peace."

Quotation from Eden Phillpotts.
By Courtesy of John Lane Company.

THE AMERICAN STAGE AS IT REFLECTS BEAUTY OF THE AMERICAN HOME: ILLUSTRATED BY DESIGNS FROM THE ARDEN STUDIOS



As the curtain goes up on a witty, amusing play in New York, it is not often that one's first sense of delight is from the scenery. It is a great tribute to a decorator, either of a play or of a room, when beauty of color and form are so noticeable that for the moment they leave human beauty, the expression of voice and manner, in the background. Usually as the curtain is parted we first are conscious of life and movement, so that I was immensely impressed at the opening performance of "His Bridal Night," made witty and charming by Margaret Mayo, to find my attention rivetted on the extraordinary, fresh beauty of the setting.

New York has had many boudoir scenes presented since the great vogue in this country for French plays, until almost we have been satiated with the suggestive charm of the room where beauty is manufactured, with always the half-drawn curtains and the hint of youth about to emerge in negligée; but no French scenes either in Paris or that have been transported to America have ever touched the delightful, crisp, radiant loveliness of the setting of the first act of Margaret Mayo's recent comedy.

I should not have been surprised at this, because I knew before attending the play that the scenes had all been designed by Mrs. John W. Alexander, and I could easily have recalled the remarkable setting of "The Chanticleer," in which Mr. and Mrs. Alexander collaborated in designing scenery and chanticleer costumes for Rostand's classic "comedy of the barnyard." Also I might have been prepared by a memory of Mrs. Alexander's home—the old home on Sixty-fifth street in New York or the new home at Princeton, New Jersey.

But if one goes much to the theater in New York with interest and imagination, one usually goes prepared for something new and original, and prepared also to receive it with an open mind and a fresh point of view, and so one does not take memories to the theater; rather, if possible, sensitized emotions and an eager interest.

It has become quite the vogue in New York to present one important scene. This is usually the second scene, the emotional climax of the American play; in fact, it is often all there is of the American play, and it is usually staged with a rare sense of the close relation of human interest and startling environment. The first scene is apt to be lukewarm, the second very intense, and the third a gentle economical trailing off to send the audience home quieted, pleased, contented.

Nothing of this kind happens in Margaret Mayo's play or in Mrs.

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Alexander's settings. Each scene is richly and intelligently suited to form the appropriate background of the act, and although of exquisite beauty, never overwhelming human interest or announcing itself as more important than the play.

All regular theatergoers in New York will recall the presentation of "The Silver Slipper," that exquisite fairy story of Hans Andersen, a fragile myth of sea and air—an almost intangible fairy plot with ethereal surroundings. This was dramatized for a Broadway production with a heavy hand. It was made comic and elaborate and witty from the cabaret point of view. Then it was staged magnificently by Josef Urban, so magnificently that only at rare moments did the faintest recollection of the lovely fairy story drift over the footlights to the bewildered audience. I think it was the most perfect example of beautiful, misplaced stage decoration that has ever been presented to a New York audience. It was ably seconded this year by "Bobby" Jones' staging of "The Happy Ending," the first scene of which was one of rare beauty and importance to the students of stage production, but it belonged to a play of Maeterlinck. However, it is only fair to say that no stage scenery ever devised could have been appropriate for such a confused *mélange* of misunderstanding of all that heaven or earth could contain as this naïve play.

This is why we feel that Mr. Woods, who produced "His Bridal Night"; Margaret Mayo, who rewrote it for New York; Physioc, who worked out Mrs. Alexander's designs, all should be congratulated for the opportunity of materializing anything so perfectly harmonious, so wisely and charmingly beautiful as these three settings.

MRS. ALEXANDER'S point of view in regard to the development of these stage settings I find extremely interesting, as they are the point of view of an artist whose whole life has been lived in beautiful, artistic association and surroundings. Mrs. Alexander's first twelve years of married life were spent in Paris, where the foundation for her husband's fame was laid and where her daily association was among the great men of France, both in the studio and in the literary world, where naturally her instinct for beautiful surroundings had every opportunity to develop and where she was in contact with the richest inspiration for decoration that the civilized world has ever known. If, added to this, one recognizes a rich, natural endowment for color and line and an instinctive appreciation of harmony of arrangement, one ceases to wonder at the beauty of the settings which we are illustrating in this article.

In talking over this work Mrs. Alexander presented a fresh and very interesting point of view about the art of decoration in this country, one applicable to the home as well as to the stage.

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"I feel," she said, "that a knowledge of all Period decoration, of the entire history of the decoration of all countries is extremely important, and I think that people possessing any beautiful pieces of furniture can always use them as a nucleus for most delightful home or theatrical development in decoration; but I do think that the time for the replicas of Period rooms in the American home or on the American stage has gone by. We have here an entirely new appreciation of life, we are a new kind of civilization, a new people, a cultivated democracy, and it is quite absurd for us to feel that the only manner of rich living can be in an imitation of other kinds of civilization, which really do not belong to us and in no way interest us except historically and artistically. Having lived in Paris so many years, and in such close intimacy with the artistic life of those days, I have the greatest appreciation of all that French Period decoration means, but I also have the greatest interest in what is demanded for our own homes, and hence, for the theater, which should express the most artistic phase of our home life.

"I feel unquestionably that there is French influence in the boudoir which is the first stage setting for 'His Bridal Night,' but that is only a suggestion, a hint. There is not the slightest effort to imitate any French Period, either in color or form. The color shown in the curtains and in the upholstery of the boudoir is a shade of rose not used in the French decorations. It is richer and warmer, more alive, more American. There is more *esprit* in the draping of the curtains. I desired in this scene to express a certain nonchalance—the quality of the undisciplined young person. You feel it in the gay little hat which makes a beautiful color note, in the drapery of the dressing table, the powder puffs, the fantastic cushions. And I was especially interested in designing the windows, the ornamental half circle which surmounts the curtain, giving a rich note and suggesting a grace of architecture which is not always easy to accomplish in stage setting. I wished the utmost gaiety without vulgarity, richness without elaboration; in other words, I wanted beauty, and yet if I could, I wanted a certain comedy sense expressed, which is the keynote of the whole play. In carrying out this feeling Mr. Physioc has been especially successful. I was particularly interested in having masses of flowers in this scene that the whole thing should seem buoyant and fragrant.

"IN the second scene, which is of course, as usual, the crux of the play, we aimed to bring together richness of color, yet delicacy of outline. I wanted here to present a Chinese room, but one in which very little actual Chinese material was used. I have not made the least effort to imitate a real Oriental room, which would be

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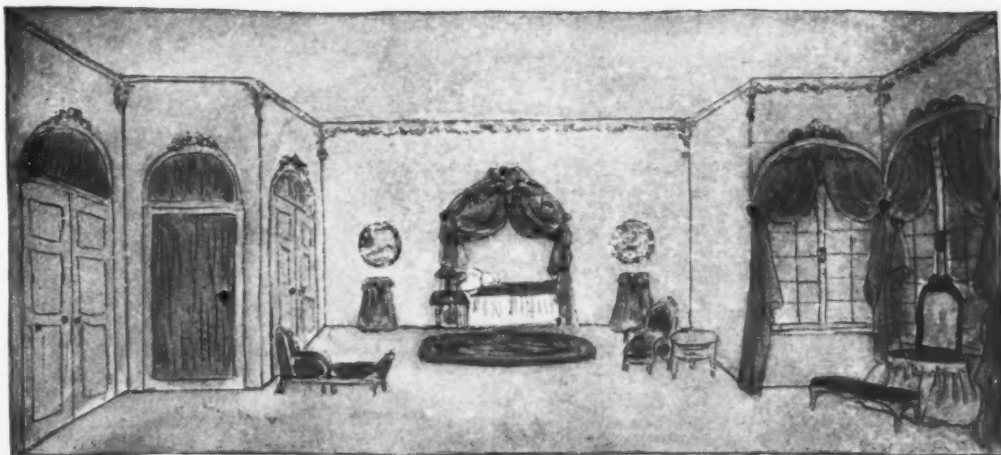
barren and somber to a degree; on the other hand, I have tried to give a sense of the color which we have in our mind as Chinese, and also to prove to myself that we could develop a delightful form of decoration quite new, quite American from the Chinese inspiration.

"To begin with, in this second act, I accepted my color scheme from the Chinese petticoat which is draped over the mantel. This I repeated in a couch, which carries a faint suggestion of the Chinese Chippendale furniture. The table, I think, is wholly American, but in keeping because of the beautiful blue enamel which is fraught with Chinese feeling. The chairs and the smaller pieces of furniture again contain the suggestion of the Chinese influence on Chippendale, and yet they are not an imitation of this period of English furniture.

"I was especially interested here in carrying out the theory of creating architectural effects in stage setting, of which I have already spoken. In this scene I applied my theory to the windows and to the doorways with the pagoda effect at the top of each and the definitely Chinese decoration at the sides and over the doors under the pagoda-like projection. The flat walls, in squares of black with Chinese vermilion outline are, so far as I know, original. The lanterns and bird cages are pure Chinese and yet seem an integral part of the whole scheme. The rug was kept very simple in color and design and quite in the picture, though not a Chinese rug. My whole feeling about this scene is an interest in the development of what I feel to be original decoration, under the influence of an interesting Oriental period. Of course, I can see how either of these scenes could be carried out more gorgeously in material or tone if that were desired; but I firmly believe that beauty of decoration does not depend upon costly and elaborate materials, but upon a full realization of the harmonious relation of scene and play, upon the right use of color and color combinations and a developed interest in architectural forms.

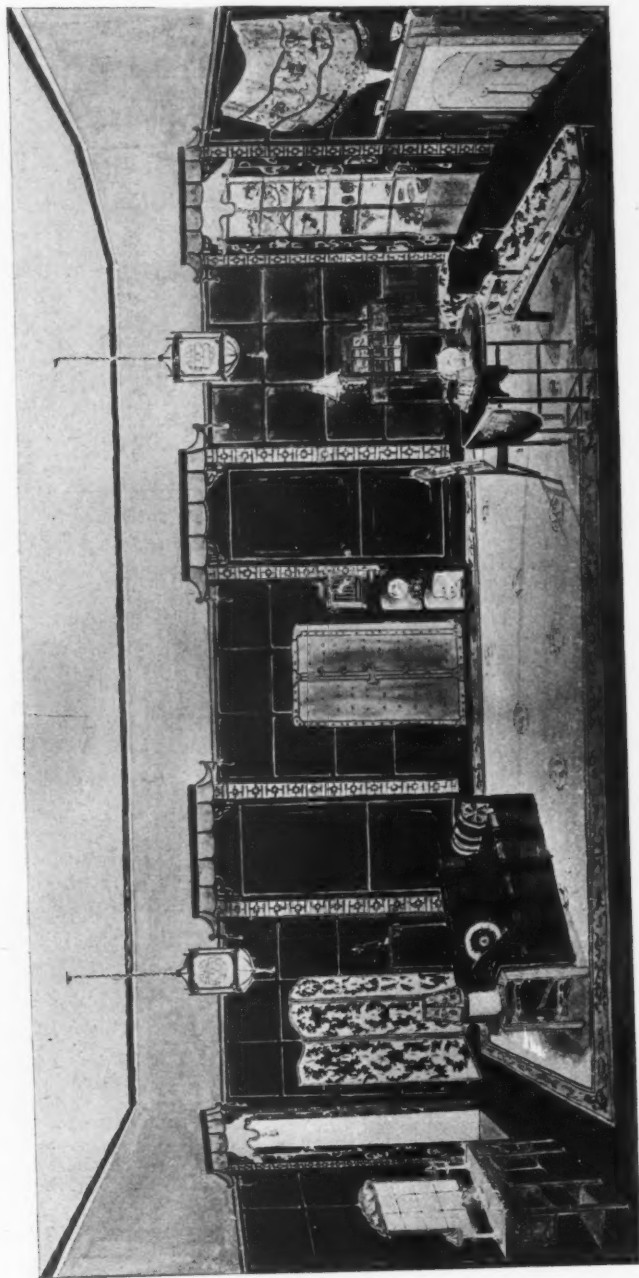
"The final scene in this play is not founded on any period. It expresses the modern American development of porch life. We are beginning to live out of doors, not so much in our gardens as the Continental people do; but we have created *porch life*, a new thing and a more luxurious thing than the old garden life in Europe.

"IN this third scene of the play I wished to present a charming modern porch. The only hint of foreign influence here is the use of the Hoffman black and white draperies and one or two pieces of furniture in the Hoffman style. With this help from Austria we have a brick garden which is possibly English and we have the American use of lattice in the decoration of the doors and walls and overhead. Then we have the very modern delight in futurist colors,

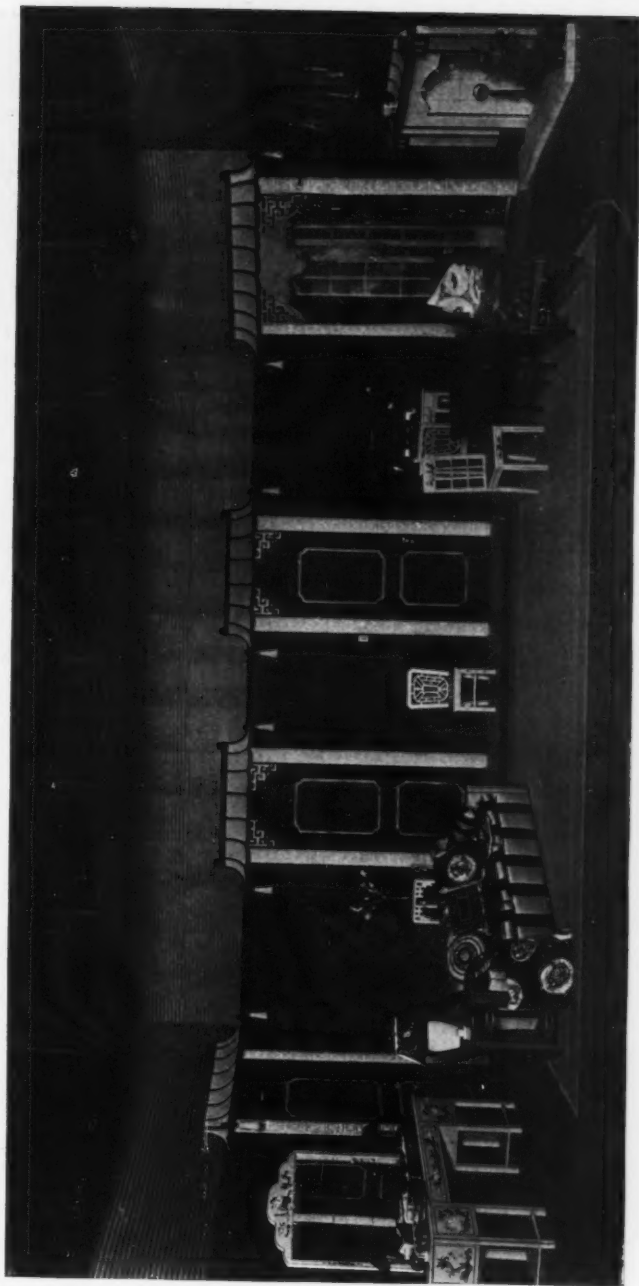


ORIGINAL DRAWING made by Mrs. John W. Alexander for the boudoir scene in "His Bridal Night," rewritten into sprightly comedy by Margaret Mayo and produced by Al Woods.

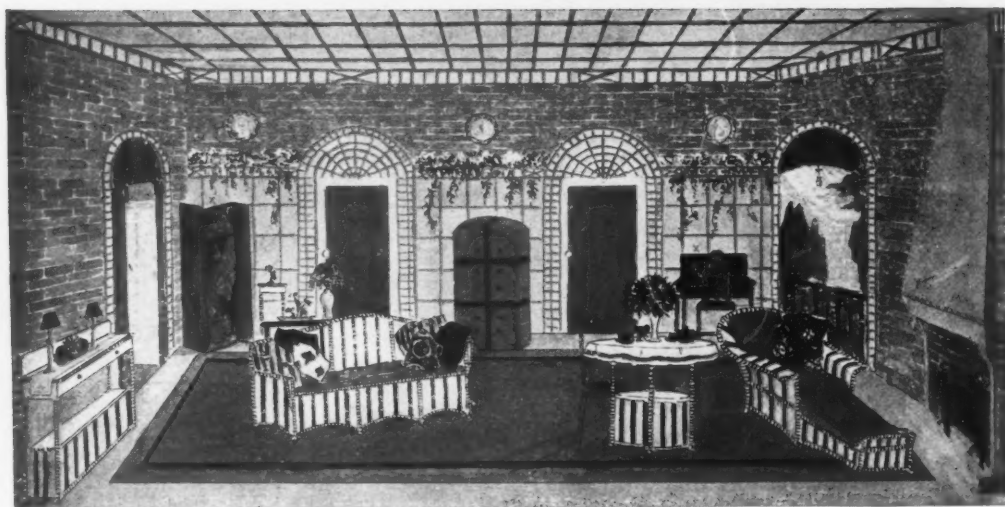
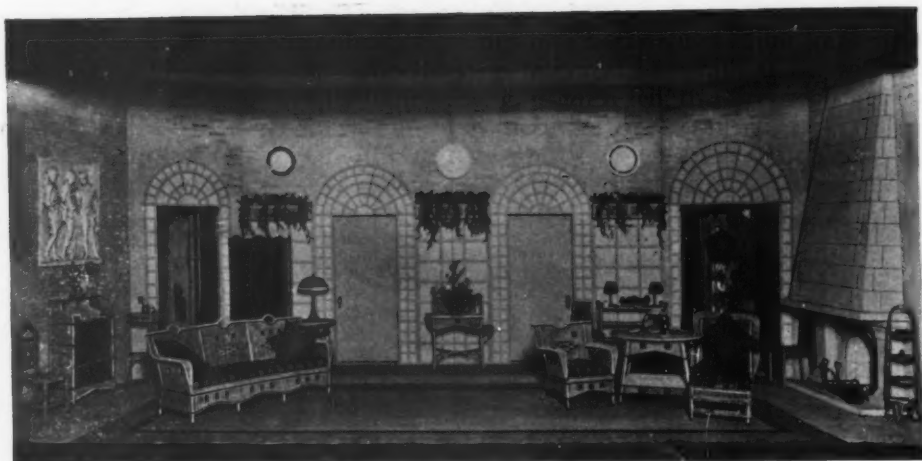
THE SCENE AS REALIZED BY MR. PHYSIOC at the theater showing the sumptuous effect of the draperies and the prodigal use of flowers.



THE RECEPTION ROOM, designed by Mrs. Alexander, showing the Chinese influence both in the furniture, draperies and architectural development of the windows.



MRS. ALEXANDER'S DESIGN carried out by Mr. Physioc for "His Bridal Night" shows astonishing fidelity of execution with scarcely a detail of the original design lost: The effect of this room with its Chinese blue enameled furniture, the examples of gorgeous lacquer in windows and doors, the hint of Chinese Chippendale in the furniture and the beauty of the coloring of the Chinese fabrics and draperies combine to make one of the most beautiful stage settings of the season.



MRS. ALEXANDER'S design for the living porch of the play is a charming example of the new American influence toward outdoor life.

THE FULL CHARM OF THE DESIGN is shown here with its red brick background, its delicate green and reds, the Hoffman effect of black and white in the furniture, the brilliant flowers and brilliant cushions: Again in the doorways is seen Mrs. Alexander's unique feeling for architectural design in stage setting.

DECORATING THE AMERICAN STAGE

in flowers, in dishes and in the screen and pillows. The doorways are draped in rather architectural form. Again I have introduced the free presentation of flowers, which is essentially American. I wished this setting if possible not to be an anti-climax to the Chinese scene. I did not intend that it should be so important, but I did wish it to be bright and cheerful and so amusing that there should not be the usual let-down from the great second act.

"I need not say that I was very much interested in doing these settings, and that I feel personally that the 'clothing' of a play is a matter of very vital importance to the audience. We produce more plays here every year than probably any other one nation in the world, and where our plays are successful we carry the largest audience. For this reason stage settings, if appropriate and beautiful, can become a valuable lesson in the art of home decoration. The stage, including the moving pictures, may thus be a more vital help in the beautifying of the American home or a more powerful force for disintegrating its beauty than any one other influence that we have to reckon with. For that reason it seems to me it is a matter of the greatest consideration in the presenting of each play, not only that the scenes should be beautiful and striking, but that they should be definitely significant in their artistic development. Of course, I realize that there are symbolic productions, classic dramas, fairy plays of fantastic expression, all of which require stage setting born of the most picturesque imagination, in which lies a fantastic color sense and appreciation of the mystery boundary-land of unreality, a realization that emotion is greater than fact. I mean the kind of stage setting that Gordon Craig produces with rare distinction, the naïve charm of such work as Reinhardt's, the splendid unreality of Josef Urban's productions and the appreciation of the power and beauty of sheer color, which no one has realized in a greater degree than our own artist, Mr. Robert Jones."

THE CRAFTSMAN feels that Mrs. Alexander's point of view about stage decoration is very valuable to the people who love the stage, who act on the stage, and who produce the beauty of the stage. Naturally the first important matter for every theater manager to consider is his play, next the men and women who have the gift to present to the audience the meaning of the playwright, then we would like a theater which seems a beautiful and dignified surrounding for the play and the author—I know of one such in New York, and that is The Little Theater, for which Mr. Winthrop Ames is responsible. After these three significant points are achieved, the presenting of the play in such a manner as to please and to artistically impress the audience, should become a matter of increasing importance to the public.

ABIGAIL STONE'S INDEPENDENCE; BY WAY OF THE GARDEN: BY BERTHA HELEN CRABBE



LL that was mortal of Aunt Mary Shaw was in her grave. The funeral coaches went slowly down the hill from the cemetery. In the second coach with her niece, Mrs. Wells Martin, and her niece's husband, sat Abigail Stone. She was a great, gaunt, powerful-looking old woman with a square, rugged face, dark with tan. Her shabby best clothes set awkwardly upon her. The dingy black bonnet had slipped to one side, and her bony brown hands were bursting out of her gloves. There was a strange, hunted expression in her little blue eyes. The overhanging eyebrows twitched nervously. Her broad mouth was grim. She kept twisting uneasily in her corner.

Mrs. Martin pressed a damp, black-bordered handkerchief to her eyes. Her long, aquiline nose was reddened at the tip.

"For mercy's sake, Aunt Abigail, can't you set still?" she complained. "Wells," to her husband, "can't you make her set still? Goodness knows it's enough to go through with Great-aunt Mary's fun'ral without havin' Aunt Abigail twistin' an' turnin' like a teetotem all the time."

Wells Martin looked at Abigail nervously. He was a large, baby-faced man with a fierce black mustache. His thick, work-worn hands rested awkwardly upon his shiny black broadcloth knees.

"Can't you set still a while, Aunt Abigail?" he suggested weakly, "Louisa, she's sort of upset, you know."

"I'm goin' to get out," Abigail announced defiantly; "I'm goin' to get right out an' walk home."

"Walk home!" Mrs. Martin gave a little shriek. "Now, Aunt Abigail, you ain't goin' to do anything of the kind! The idea! I never heard of such a thing! How t'would look for you to get out an' walk home from your own aunt's funeral."

"I'm goin' to get out," Abigail asserted stubbornly.

"Aunt Abigail Stone, don't you *dare* get out! Mercy sakes, haven't we had enough trouble with you today, tryin' to get you dressed decent, an' then havin' to fairly drag you to the fun'ral? The idea of not wantin' to come to the fun'ral of your own aunt that's supported an' kep' you all these years! Heathenish, I call it! An' you never bein' inside a church in land-knows-when, an' roamin' round the country lookin' like a scarecrow, in season an' out! Don't you *dare* get out o' this carriage!"

"I'm goin' to get out. I'll come home the back way through the woods. There won't nobody see me."

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"Aunt Abigail!"

Abigail opened the coach door. "Here, stop a minute; I want to get out," she called to the driver.

"Aunt Abigail! Oh, she'll be the death o' me!"

Abigail stepped out of the coach. The Martins watched her walk down a lane toward the woods. She was splendidly strong and upright. She strode along rapidly, her full black skirts flapping about her heavy ankles.

Once in the shelter of the woods, Abigail Stone tore off her gloves and bonnet, and standing with her face lifted to the breeze, she breathed great deep breaths of the pine-scented air. The constraint of the world with its arbitrary conventions, which among other things decree that one must under pain of being judged a monster, attend upon the committing to earth of the out-grown mortality of a loved one, dropped from her. Here she was at home and at peace. Here she could bear the ache in her heart that had burdened her persistently ever since the night Aunt Mary died. Here she drew near to Aunt Mary, to an Aunt Mary, in all the familiar homeliness of every day, even down to the old brown shawl around her shoulders and the mole on her right eyelid, to Aunt Mary glorified to shining soul, to Aunt Mary deified, the understanding God, Himself.

The hunted expression left Abigail's eyes. She walked along quietly, her head drooping slightly. She felt the warmth of the spring sunshine, she saw the tender new fronds of the ferns, she saw the trickle of water over a mossy rock. She came to a little cleared place where pale anemones trembled in the wind. Here she paused and put forth her arms in a wide gesture eloquent of her utter inability to cope with the miracle of beauty before her. For a long time she stood looking at the quivering anemones. Suddenly she raised her rugged old face to the sunlight. "You understand, God," she said. And then she murmured, her voice soft and shaken, "Aunt Mary?"

THERE was a deep peace in her face when she strode down the hill toward home. It was a poor little unpainted house where she and Aunt Mary had lived. It had once been a toll-house; the shed over the road was still standing. Since the abolishment of toll-collecting the town had thought itself fortunate in being able to rent the place even at the small sum which Aunt Mary had paid. It was far from any other house, and in the making of a State road through the township, a more direct route had been chosen, cutting out the mile-long curve upon which the toll-house stood. There was now very little travel upon this loop of road; it had become grass-grown. The tiny old toll-house stood there alone among the flowers.

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Abigail had a passion for flowers. In the height of blossom-time the house was almost hidden by them. But more than the cultivated garden flowers she loved the wild growing things of wood and highway and open field. On a piece of cleared land across the road from the toll-house she had experimented for years in the transplanting and grouping of wild shrubs and ferns and flowers. This "wild garden" was a place of wonderful grace and beauty. Abigail tramped for miles over the country in search of the best specimens for planting there. When the weather was unfavorable either for working among her flowers or roaming around the country, she made quaint rustic baskets of woven twigs and filled them with woodsy things. The back porch of the house was strung with them.

On this day of Aunt Mary's funeral, the very spirit of spring-tide happiness hovered over the little toll-house. The sun shone warm upon the weather-blackened roof, the garden flashed with the color of flowers and the gloss of new leaves. Birds sang, and a soft, sweet breeze wandered lingeringly here and there.

Among the flowers back of the house stood Wells Martin with Amos Howe, the husband of Abigail's other niece, Anna. They had come from a neighboring town to attend Aunt Mary's funeral. Their muddy old two-seated carriage, with its team of bony black horses, stood under the toll shed. The two men looked stiff and uncomfortable in their Sunday suits. They stood with their hands behind them, and with a hushed solemnity fitted to the occasion, discussed the weather, Aunt Mary's funeral sermon and the amount her household goods ought to bring at auction. They stopped speaking when Abigail appeared and with elaborate carelessness sauntered around a corner of the house. They were a little afraid of Abigail.

Abigail went into the kitchen. She put her gloves and bonnet on a shelf of the dresser beside the door. Aunt Mary's little brown shawl was on that shelf. It was spotted where she had spilled things upon it in eating, and the brass safety pin was stuck in it with the clasp unfastened. Abigail closed the dresser door softly.

She heard her nieces stepping about up-stairs. They were opening and shutting bureau drawers and talking rapidly. They were in Aunt Mary's room. There was a sound as though a trunk were being pulled across the floor. Abigail heard the cover creak as it was lifted. She heard the voices of the two women. After a time the trunk was closed and pushed back.

Abigail stood listening. The hunted expression came back to her eyes. Her eyebrows twitched, her bony hands opened and closed nervously, her breath came hard. She heard the women go into her bedroom. She heard the bureau drawers pulled open and shut. The

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wardrobe doors grated where they stuck at the bottom. She heard the businesslike voices of the women.

After a little while they came down the stairs. Abigail stood motionless against the wall in the far corner of the kitchen and watched them. They had their arms full of things. They started slightly when they saw Abigail.

"Oh, there you are," Mrs. Martin said; "Anna and I have been lookin' around some. We thought seein' we was goin' to take you to live with us the rest o' your days, we was entitled to a little somethin', so we took a few little things of Aunt Mary's. I don't suppose you'll care. We're goin' to have an auction for you as soon as things is settled, an' sell off the furniture. Then you can divide the money between me an' Anna to help pay for your keep. But land knows there won't be much. I had no idea Aunt Mary lived so poor. But then, o' course, that pension money she got wa'nt more'n enough to keep one an' there you an' her both lived on it. Goodness knows what 'ud ever become of you now she's dead if t'wa'nt for me an' Anna." Mrs. Martin paused as one who has made an impressive point.

Abigail kept silence. Mrs. Martin went on a trifle hurriedly, "I've took Aunt Mary's black satin an' her lace shawl an' a few other little things. I didn't s'pose *you'd* want 'em. You're so big you never could wear 'em anyhow. An' I'm goin' to send over for the parlor rocker an' the round table before the auction. Anna, she's took Aunt Mary's cameo breast-pin an' the carved handkerchief box an' that gray alpaca dress, an' she's goin' to send for the four-post bed."

Abigail said nothing. She stood motionless, her gaunt figure seeming of heroic size in the low-ceiled kitchen.

Anna Howe looked at her fearfully and slid around back of her sister. Anna was a nervous, worn little woman with wispy, untidy hair and a short childish figure.

"Come on, Louisa," she whispered, plucking at Mrs. Martin's sleeve; "let's go into the front room again. You said you'd look an' see if Grandma Stone's picture ain't in that chimney cupboard. I want it if it is."

The women went into the front room.

Abigail still stood against the wall. She heard the cupboard door being opened. She heard the voices of the women. Presently they began to talk angrily. Their voices rose heedlessly.

"I tell you, you've got to take her first, Anna!" Abigail heard; "I can't have an old woman 'round under foot when I'm gettin' ready for Susie's weddin'!"

Mrs. Howe made an indignant rejoinder. She spoke lower than her sister. Abigail heard only a word here and there.

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Then came Mrs. Martin's sharp voice again, "Well, havin' Amos' folks on from the West ain't a weddin' by any means. You can just as well put her into that little north chamber as not. She can help with the housework. Land knows she'd ought to be willin' to if we're goin' to keep her body an' soul for six months turn an' turn about every year! I, for one—"

Mrs. Howe's voice interrupted. Then Abigail heard, "What are we goin' to do then, I'd like to know? Send her to the poor-house? How folk *would* talk! Now, there ain't no use disputin' it, Anna, you've got to take her first. Then when your six months is up, I'll take her. Come on, we'll tell her to get her things packed. It's gettin' late."

Mrs. Martin walked firmly into the kitchen. Mrs. Howe followed. She looked weakly resentful.

"Now, Aunt Abigail," Mrs. Martin directed in her efficient voice, "you go right an' pack up. Anna's goin' to take you to live with her for six months an' then I'm goin' to take you. We'll have you turn an' turn about an' you'll never lack for a good home as long as you live. Hurry now."

"I'm not a-goin'," Abigail said.

"What!" Mrs. Martin gasped. Mrs. Howe looked quickly at Abigail.

"I'm not a-goin'. I'm goin' to stay right here."

"But you can't! Don't you see you can't!" Mrs. Martin cried in exasperation; "Why, there ain't a cent o' money for you to live on! I hope you know Aunt Mary's pension money won't be paid no more now she's dead. An' after payin' for the fun'ral there's nothin' left but her furniture. Of course, she wanted you should have that; but, land, it won't put bread an' butter in your mouth nor clothes on your back nor fire in the stove. It won't even bring a pittance at auction. There ain't a cent for you to live on, I tell you. Now, hurry an' get ready."

"I ain't a-goin' with you nor Anna neither," Abigail repeated. Suddenly she ceased to lean against the wall. She stood upright. She seemed in the waning afternoon light to loom up to sinister, gigantic size. Her little eyes flashed, her strong face worked. The two women stepped back in alarm.

"**I** AIN'T a-goin' to be a burden on nobody," Abigail declared; "Here I've lived an' here I'll die! I may be an old woman, but I guess I ain't sunk so low that I'll eat the bread of charity, an' charity that's begrudged me! I'm a-goin' to stay here! I know there ain't a penny left as well as you do! I'd be a fool if I didn't. I ain't

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goin' to sell Aunt Mary's furniture to strangers neither. I should laugh if I couldn't keep a roof over my head an' bread an' butter in my mouth! I should *laugh* if I couldn't!"

The women stared at her. Even Mrs. Martin was at a loss. She ran to the door and called, "Wells, Wells, you come here! I don't know what's the matter with Aunt Abigail."

The men moved reluctantly toward the house.

"Oh, Wells, here's Aunt Abigail says she won't come to live with neither me nor Anna. I don't know what to make of her."

The two men looked sheepishly at Abigail.

"Well, why don't you *say* something?" Mrs. Martin prompted irritably.

"You better come along, Aunt Abigail," Mr. Martin ventured after some thought.

"I ain't a-goin'," Abigail repeated, and her thin lips closed with a final firmness.

The Howes and Martins stared at her helplessly. After a little while they stepped out on the back porch. There they stood and discussed the situation in guarded tones.

Abigail did not move from her position in the kitchen. She caught little snatches of Mrs. Martin's share in the discussion.

"You know how folks'll talk." "Well, no, t'aint as if she was feeble or nothin'. Goodness knows, she's strong as an ox." "... what she could do at her time o' life." "Mercy, no, I'm not hankerin' to have her around—" "Well, maybe."

In a few minutes Mrs. Martin, as spokesman, returned to the kitchen.

"Well, Aunt Abigail, I'll tell you what we've decided. Seein' you're so set on livin' here an' the rent's been paid for this month anyhow, we've decided to let you try it a month, an' then if you can't earn enough to keep you, why, you can come to Anna or me. One of us'll come over in a month's time to see how you're gettin' on. An' now we got to hurry home."

Abigail never moved from her post in the kitchen until the Howes and Martins had driven off down the road. Then she stepped from her place and flung wide every window in the little house.

It was sunset time. In the meadow the frogs were shrilling. A soft cool breeze drew through the house, clearing it of the funeral odors of crape and dying flowers.

Abigail took the broom from behind the kitchen door and with strong vigorous strokes she swept every one of the five tiny rooms. On the stairs she found a damp black-bordered handkerchief. After staring at it for an instant, she picked it up with the tips of her fingers,

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and throwing it into the stove, poked it vengefully down among the coals. Then she dusted and set the house in order.

Aunt Mary's room was flooded with the tender pink after-glow. Abigail stood at the window looking out for a time. Then she gently smoothed the white counterpane on the bed, and going out closed the door softly behind her.

In her own room she took off her dress and put on her everyday costume of short skirt, man's shirt and coat and a man's felt hat. Then she closed the house and went tramping down the road in the twilight. She was bound for the shelter of the woods, impelled by the same appeal which a child feels in its mother's outstretched pitiful arms.

Women in the houses she passed called to one another to look. There was Abigail Stone looking like a tramp, traipsing over the country just as usual, and her poor old aunt hardly cold in her grave. Abigail had long ago broken away from all the small-town conventions. She never went to church, she did not associate with the village people, she roamed over the country at all times of the day, dressed in clothes that no self-respecting village woman would wear. But this was the worst thing she had ever done. People discussed it in pleased, shocked tones.

It was not so easy for Abigail to find a means of earning a living as she had thought. No one wanted to employ an old woman, no matter how strong and willing she might be. Besides, she was "odd" and people were prejudiced against her. She tramped about the town for days in succession looking for work of some sort. She even went to the next village, where there was a knitting-mill. But the days passed and still she could find nothing to do.

At last Abigail almost forced her services upon the invalid wife of a farmer. The first day of her work was filled with the joy of her triumph, the second day in the close, hot kitchen was almost unbearable. She kept going to the windows and breathing great breaths of fresh air, and looking out to the woods. She was clumsy and awkward. She broke dishes and spoiled the cooking. The tramp of her feet jarred upon the nerves of the farmer's wife. She screamed if Abigail appeared suddenly before her. She came to have an unreasoning fear of her. Abigail was conscious of this fear and retaliated with contempt. The whole situation tried her patience sorely; it became intolerable. One day after forfeiting nearly all her pay for broken dishes she fled back to the toll-house in despair.

She was broken now and beaten. For days she lived upon dandelion greens and roots and herbs from the woods. She grew thin and haggard. She no longer roamed over the countryside. She even

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neglected her flowers. For hours at a time she sat motionless in the little kitchen with her eyes fixed before her, keeping vigil over the slow, painful dying of the strong, independent spirit within her. And out-of-doors the birds sang and spring advanced, every day bringing new miracles of life and beauty.

There came a day when there was not a morsel of food in the house to eat. Abigail sat huddled weakly in the kitchen. She had lost all reckoning of the time. She only knew that any moment might bring the Howes and Martins. She kept listening for the sound of approaching wheels. Several times she started to her feet, thinking that she heard them. Once she fancied that Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Howe had already come. She seemed to see them moving about the kitchen, opening and shutting drawers, peering into the cupboard and whispering to one another. After that, she had to keep vigilant watch of the shadows in the room so that they might not again deceive her into thinking her nieces actually present.

And on that day it happened that the men who were repairing the state road, put up at the cross-roads a sign on which there was printed in large black letters, "Detour," and below that word was an arrow pointing toward the road that led past the toll-house. Automobiles came by that way, churning through the sandy road and sending clouds of dust toward the house and over Abigail's flowers. Abigail saw the dust settle upon her garden. She watched passively until all the colors were dimmed and every plant drooped beneath the drab covering. She told herself she did not care.

The wind shifted. The next automobile which went by sent its cloud of dust over the "wild-garden." A stab of pain caught at Abigail's throat. She sprang to her feet. And suddenly out of the despair which had claimed her for days, out of the bitterness of her defeat there swept over her that elemental burst of fury which is the last resort of the trapped and helpless; a fury which spends itself blindly upon the nearest object, which even turns against its possessor in pitiless intent to inflict a wound that shall at least supersede the intolerable state of mere endurance.

Abigail swayed for an instant where she stood. Then the weakness of fasting fell from her. She strode swiftly out of the house and across the yard. Her face was dark with passion, her eyes burned, her strong, bony hands trembled. She was terrible, she was glorious, she was magnificent.

She crossed the road to her "wild-garden." She seized the nearest bush and with one strong jerk pulled it up by the roots. She went to the next bush and the next and the next. Her hands were torn and bleeding, the perspiration dripped from her face, her breath came in

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gasps. Shrubs and herbs, thorny vines, wavering ferns and rare, trembling blooms from the almost inaccessible places of swamp and boulder and densest woods, things which had taken years of love and patience and labor to grow, fell before her merciless hands.

At last the "wild-garden" was nothing but a waste of withered, dying green things. Abigail drew herself up to her full height and stood among the ruins, gaunt and panting, her bleeding hands upon her hips, her white face with its pain-bright eyes turned toward the road.

An automobile came up the hill, its motor laboring under the strain of the heavy sand. Abigail stood motionless, watching it. It reached the big hemlock, the pine tree, the gray boulder. There was a snort, a puff, a feeble whirring, and it came to an abrupt stop. A man swore. He looked up and saw Abigail. A flicker of fear answering to something in her eyes which he could not understand, went over his heavy face. He looked wonderingly at the ruined "wild-garden." Then he grinned stupidly.

"Say," he said, "I guess my motor went dead in the right spot, all right; you're just the one I want to see. I come by here this mornin' an' see your flowers. I want to buy some. I'm the florist to Wingham. I'll take all you've got here and I can use about all you can raise this summer. I want them rustic baskets you got there on the porch, too. I'll take all you can make; they're somethin' new."

Abigail stood motionless, staring at the man. Her face was an absolute blank. He waited for a few minutes for her reply. Then he repeated what he had said, shouting the words slowly and distinctly. He thought she must be deaf. Abigail stood there until he had finished. Then out of the maze of her bewilderment she stumbled drunkenly across the road and began to gather her flowers as the man directed. Once she glanced back at the desolated "wild-garden" and her hand went to her eyes in a gesture of pain. She paused so long in her flower-gathering that the man grew restive. She did not look back again.

It was not until the man had gone down the road, his car loaded with color, that the dazed expression left Abigail's face. Then she looked at the money in her hands, and those shabby pieces of paper, those dingy bits of silver and copper seemed to grow radiant with their message of power and independence.

A great hope, a glorious certainty swept over Abigail. Her eyes were blinded, her heart shaken. Before her lay the opportunity to prove herself. She felt strong and sure and joyous, ready to face the world with her head held high, ready to go her way again without a

(Continued on page 184.)

ENGLAND'S NEW ADVENTURE IN ART



ENGLAND'S first adventure into the modern delight in vivid color has come, strangely enough, at a time when England as a nation is overwhelmed with shadows. In London, where this movement, of course, has its origin and its most brilliant expression, we think of a great city overwhelmed with the horror of war, a spirit shrouded in blackness as the London streets at night.

And yet suddenly a magazine called "Color" comes to our office, and in it we find a variety of expressions as intensely living and richly colored as one associates with the old days of Paris or Munich—an art that is vital in every phase of its expression, whether in the "Patch of Azaleas" on a hillside by Edouard J. Claes, all scarlet and yellow and orange and good green, or in the stage setting for Martin Harvey's production of "Hamlet," by George Sheringham, which is an amazing harmony of reds and deep dahlia blues, or a window scene by E. Court, where through the window one sees a chill winter sky, but on a table nearby a bunch of flowers and a cheerful little Japanese doll.

In every artistic expression there is a sense of joyous life, sometimes in the people, sometimes in the color. We are reproducing Mr. D. Sharp's delightful, fresh, English hillside—"A Spring Morning," with a stiff May wind and lovely children on their way to school or out to search for May flowers. The vividness of this picture is all in the life of the children and the wonderful wind-swept pale green hills and gray clouds. There is much joy; but not in the color.

An entirely different study is William Strang's "Courtship," a homely scene with the vividness of color and intensity of interest one usually associates with Zuloaga. The spacing of the color is very simple. There is scarcely any detail except in the brilliant pile of vegetables on the table in the foreground. One wonders if Mr. Strang has been painting in Spain, for surely those two deeply reflective people are Castilian rather than English and the use of color and the costume is of Northern Spain.

William Strang believes in the great and simple things of life—the things that really matter; he believes that life has become overlaid with a lot of "footy" irrelevance, just as buildings may become overlaid with meaningless ornament that destroys the grand structural unity. But when you ask him what these things are—these things that *really* matter—he refuses to be drawn.

Unfortunately, a writer dare not take up such an attitude without laying himself open to the charge of wilful obfuscation—especially when dealing with the subject of Art. So he must refuse to lay stress on the unexplainable, and content himself with such fish as will

ENGLAND'S NEW ADVENTURE IN ART

not escape the mesh of language. He may not accept an artist's unexplained intentions as a criterion of his achievement; he can only go by what they appear to convey, for all Art is essentially communicative.

The first thing, then, to be noticed about William Strang's art is its seriousness: you cannot treat it lightly, because he refuses to have it so. He is quite manifestly a searcher after Truth, and he seeks to approach it by many and various means. This accounts not only for his apparent inconsistency, but also for his courageous youthfulness and experimentalism—remarkable in a sexagenarian.

Perhaps the loveliest picture shown in the magazine is by Mark Senior, also "Springtime";—a wonderfully vital figure of a young girl gathering in her hands a branch of a dwarf rose tree, gathering them as though she could not wait to possess their beauty and their fragrance. She is surrounded by rose bushes and back of her is a delicious blue June sky. She is very young, very eager and full of delight over her roses and over life.

THE most startling subject which we are presenting is called "Study," by Mr. R. Lowy. There is no detail whatever in the picture except in the face, which is freshly and deeply reflective. The rest of the picture is just a few splashes of color—orange and pink and green with a vivid blue and black cap. The woman's face is very Slav with the wide-set eyes, the deep sadness and the beautiful modeling of Zorn's peasants. In fact, one has but little consciousness of anything in the picture except the expression of the mouth and the tragic eyes. While the background is more brilliant than the face, it sinks into its proper place without in any way encroaching on the exquisite subtlety of the painting of the flesh and eyes.

All these pictures are very definitely the English attitude toward the modern color craze. In other words, these artists use color for their own good results. They are not imitating Paris or Munich; they are using color more happily and more freshly without losing their sense of composition, a certain subtle understanding of human beauty and a delight in the relation of the human race to the wonder of their own beloved land.

In this same remarkable English magazine we have a delightful illustration in color of the new feeling for painted furniture, which is having such vogue the world over today. The specimen shown is from Lady Kinloch's Painted Furniture Industry, and it is a delightful piece of light Jacobean, with wonderful reds introduced in medallions and with red figured cushions at each end of the settle. The magazine gives us an interesting little history of the origin of painted furniture;



These four illustrations are reproduced by courtesy of "Colour."

DELIGHTFUL SPRINGTIME STUDY from an English hilltop by Mark Senior, one of the new English artists: A wonderful sense of spring, sensitive and pervasive, is felt throughout the canvas.



WILLIAM STRANG, A. R. A., in his more modern work is evidently affected by the simplicity and brilliancy of the futurist painters: In his genre picture shown here we feel simplicity as it is strongly suggested by the early Italians and quite remote from the elaborateness of the usual English academy interiors.



CHILDREN IN SPRINGTIME seem to be a popular motive for the work of the modern Englishman just at the present moment, perhaps because it carries them farther away from wartime conditions than any other subject possibly could: A delightful study of a springtime hillside with happy children is given here by D. Sharp.



FUTURISM WITH AN INTENSE STUDY of and appreciation of human interest is shown in a sketch by R. Lowy: The scene and background are handled very simply in broad spaces: The face is treated with a rare understanding of simplicity and complex human emotions.

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that it was, in fact, first utilized by the Egyptians under the early Dynasties. These people, with such wonderful sense of decorative art, when desiring to color wood, "adopted the method of first coating it with a thin and extremely tenacious form of fine lime plaster. This had many advantages, giving a smooth surface, which partly absorbed the pigments, and dried with a hard, glossy, enamel-like surface. It is a method which, under various modifications, has persisted down to our days, and in certain branches brought to perfection by the gesso-workers and the Venetian and Florentine carvers and gilders.

"The Egyptian decorators made use of both purely conventionalized forms and more realistic pictures for adorning their household goods, and we find duality in design prominent in the few specimens of Mediæval painted workwork which still remain to us. These are mostly great chests, though chairs, settles, and presses exist, the range being further extended by representations in a few old pictures. The method pursued appears to have been to give the whole surface, or the panels to be decorated, a thick coat of paint—white, black, blue or some neutral tint being used—upon which the floral scrolls, interlaced strap-work would be pencilled in bright colors, acting as frames for the more pictorial motifs—heraldic insignia, little landscapes or figure pieces. . . .

"In Italy the Renaissance workers were very fond of adorning their splendid cabinets and treasure-chests with medallions and panels, splendidly painted in enamels. They also introduced pictorial designs in *pietra dura* on cabinets, caskets, tables and even the backs of chairs, the style of the Venetian, Florentine and other mosaics varying considerably. But side by side with this framing of miniatures in enamels, in mosaics or paintings on ivory, there was a good deal of painting on the bare wood, or the wood covered with a coat of paint, or with a coating of fine plaster. The fashion spread to other countries. . . .

"In England, painted furniture, chiefly landscapes representing formal gardens with clipped hedges, came in with William and Mary, persisting well into the early Georgian period, when it had to struggle with Chinese lacquer, a great deal of which was of insular, and, indeed, of amateur origin, and the gilded and painted modelled gesso work."

"THE QUALITY HOUSE": THAT'S WHAT WE ARE BUILDING TODAY IN AMERICA

"Man makes beauty of that which he loves."—Renan.

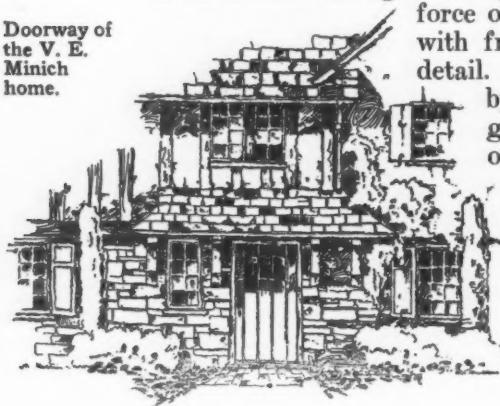


TYLE in architecture might be defined as an appropriate use of materials when expressing an individual line of thought. In literature it means a flowing or abrupt, arresting or appropriate choice of words, some characteristic method of expressing the writer's individual point of view. An architect works with brick, stone and wood, combining them in masses and lines that express his thought, his ideal of lovely homes or of splendid civic structures. His lines, like those of a writer's, are flowing or abrupt, beautiful or ugly, commonplacely tame or glowing with the arresting quality of genius, according to his personal consciousness.

In architecture as in literature, the quality of genius is difficult to define. It is expressed in some inspired disposition of constituent parts so that the whole compels attention because of unusual perfection. There is no rule for the assembling of materials in immortal beauty any more than there is a rule for the grouping of words that make undying literature. Man somehow manages to impress materials or words with his own essential character. Creators cannot help but express their essential refinement or coarseness, their courage or temerity, their dream or their stupor. Man can express neither more nor less than his own knowledge, his sense of fitness and of beauty.

Every architect or every group of architects who is associated in a working partnership, is engaged in designing homes, office buildings, bridges or civic monuments because he loves the work. Men are very often forced into many professions, into many kinds of business against their every instinct and will, through some outside necessity they are forced to obey; but architects are not of this class. They make houses through the urge of their own desire and not through force of circumstance. Therefore, they create with freshness, with a vital interest in every detail. They may be thwarted at every turn by their client's wishes, yet somehow their genius prevails. The strong objections of patrons to certain beloved ideas often force architects to even better ones than those they had cherished. So we come to the truth that "it is in working within limits that the master reveals himself." However, with or without limits, an architect cannot but voice his inherent self.

Doorway of
the V. E.
Minich
home.



"THE QUALITY HOUSE"

We are showing to illustrate this idea some recent work of the architects, Caretto and Forster. These men, not content with the absorbing problem of building a house so that in mass it is beautiful, in detail charming, and in line striking, also strive for the added distinction of quality in texture and color. Take the house they designed for William M. Campbell and erected at Hartsdale, New York, as an example of their method of endowing their work with quality. "The essential quality of a thing," says Hamilton, "are those aptitudes, those manners of existence and action which it cannot lose without ceasing to be." This house has a quality that



Residence of V. E. Minich at Scarsdale, New York: Caretto and Forster, architects. is not separable from its existence. This is the rich coloring and texture attained by the combination of a number of materials. Without this unusual quality the house would lose its essential characteristic. Some houses look better when built of one material only, say of wood, stone, brick or concrete; others, as in the case of this Campbell house, would lose all character if built of any one material.

The lines of this house are decidedly English. The stones used were taken from the property and selected to blend with brick of the entrance, which is a variable dark brown running into bronzy-purplish tones. The bricks are rough and laid up with white joints. The roof is of three different kinds of shingles—cypress, white cedar



Doorway of
the C. O.
Baring
house.

"THE QUALITY HOUSE"

and red cedar, all of unequal widths, stained a reddish brown. The choice of three different kinds of wood in shingling the roof was, as may be at once appreciated, to create a time-mellowed effect, for, as each wood takes the stain a little differently, a rich modulation of tone was obtained. How much more sensitively

alive is such a roof than those painted one monotonous, flat tint! That full richness of color variation and texture be obtained in this house, the architects have introduced cream stucco in some places, on one of the walls, for instance, and in the tall chimney-pots. The chimney which, under their handling, is a notable feature of the house, is a large one, and to prevent heaviness they have cut an arch through the top. This brings to the chimney a light graceful note that is eminently fitting as a finish to so substantial a base. Another unusual note is in the deep peacock blue of the blinds. These blinds are ornamented with "cut-outs" of different patterns and provided with "S" fasteners.

The inspiration for this rich and beautiful color scheme came in part from the setting of the house, which is in an open grove alive with color. In the autumn the house glows as though one with the frost-tinted trees all about, so that the whole picture is unusually harmonious. In the summer, the house, because of its color, seems intimately related to the garden, and in the winter, when the world is colorless, it looks warm, cheerful and most inviting. Thus the house seems to be capable of moods as though it had conscious personality. Color cadence characterizes it as though it were of Nature's workman-

Home of C. O.
Baring, Harts-
dale, New York:
Distinguished by
rich quality of
color and texture.



"THE QUALITY HOUSE"



Residence of H. W. Craw, Esq., Gedney Farms, New York, embodying the fine color quality of a Caretto and Forster home.

ship. It has strength and grace, is dignified, yet not repellingly cold. Because it is terminated with double buttresses it looks unusually solid, substantial and enduring. The French windows gain refinement from the Gothic arch effect, and the brick paved terrace enclosed with low stone wall gives it a sociable, friendly, hospitable air.

This same desire for quality of color and texture was gained for the V. E. Minich house at Scarsdale, New York, in much the same way—that is, by the combination of a variety of materials. The timbers of this house are of old chestnut, cut on the place and of unequal widths to prevent monotony. Among the red tiles of the roof are scattered a few green ones to give it a soft, mossy effect and save it from dullness. Variety was also obtained by the treatment of the gables, for the twin gables are of plain stucco and the single gable of half timber. The group of chimney-pots were also made of unequal heights for the same reason, namely, to prevent a tiresome, unvarying appearance and to add to the imaginative quality of the house.

A unique feature is the picturesque martin house built upon the chimney. These useful and beautiful birds take kindly to colony houses, using them in

Archway into the terrace of the H. W. Craw home.



"THE QUALITY HOUSE"



Railroad station at Baldwin, Long Island, of stucco, brick and tile.

preference to the chimneys which have attracted them ever since the first chimneys were made. The martin house adds to the interest of the chimney and assures the garden of a host of invaluable gardeners.

The site of this house is upon the crest of a hill, and a winding road leads up to it, half circling it to reach the fireproof garage located in the basement under the living room. Entrance to the house from this garage is up a stairway through the center of the house to the first floor; thus guests are provided with convenient and perfect shelter from inclement weather.

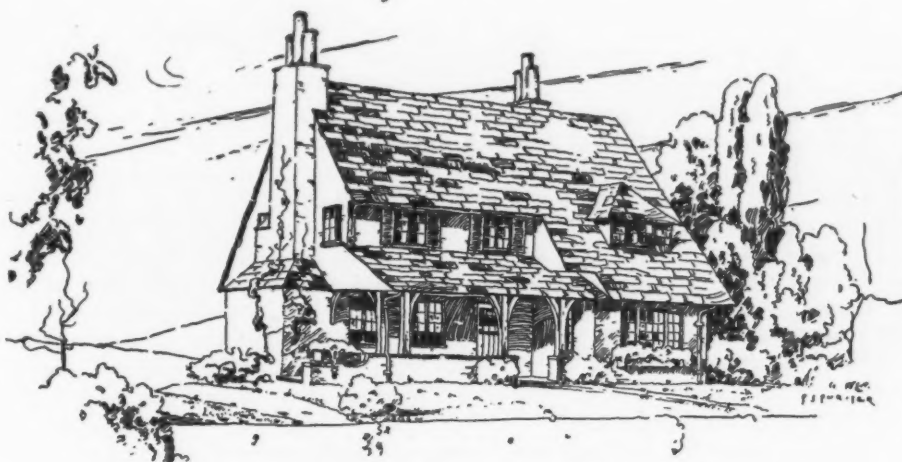
In the home of C. O. Baring, Hartsdale, New York, we find a similar striving for quality. It is English in feeling. Brick, stucco, timber have all been used. The rough slate of the roof is laid at random and the eaves of the roof turned up to give lightsome quality. The treatment of the roof and the varying tones of gray slate made use of give the roof a peculiar, sparkling, bright quality. The leaders are copper. The solid beams and posts of the house are rough-hewn and left to check and split to give them a natural effect. Though the house appears as though the interior might be somewhat cut up, the reverse is the case, for every room has a clear ceiling. A round window has been introduced on one side of the fireplace in the living room, to add variety. The windows have been made with wood muntins that give somewhat the effect of leaded glass. The main characteristic of this house is a warm richness of color and a striking originality of form. In both mass and detail the vigorous freshness of these architects may be discerned. With them enthusiasm for quality does not stop with the house, but includes the garden also, where it is gained by variety of flower color and tree form.

"THE QUALITY HOUSE"

THE house designed for Harvey W. Craw, Gedney Farms, New York, embodies the same struggle for variation. The front door is English in design, has small lights, and is made of V-cut and flat panels of alternating widths, stained blackish-brown and provided with old English hardware. The house is cream stucco and brick with slate shingles. The chimney is brick topped with stucco chimney-tops, round copper leaders with gaily painted water barrels to add color. The eaves of the roof are turned out to relieve severity. The garage is an L attached to the main house and connected with it by means of a large terrace used as outdoor sitting room.

The Halladay house at Englewood, New Jersey, is a Dutch Colonial—white with green shutters, dark Clinker Colonial brick with mauve slate roof. The lines are extremely interesting. The garden is enclosed by a lattice. Unique treatment is given the servants' extension by providing it with a covered walk to the main house shut from the view of the family gardens by a beautiful hedge. The brick walk is laid in alternate squares. The lanterns and hinges of the door are specially designed, leaders are alternately square and round to prevent monotony.

Simplicity of line with charm of color characterizes the station at Baldwin on the Long Island road. It has a mottled mauve tile roof. There is a plain stucco frieze just beneath the eaves, the posts are solid, rough-hewn and pinned together. The floor is brick and tile in combination. The seats between the posts are built in unity with the



Home of Mrs.
Henry W.
Ruger, Harts-
dale, N. Y.,
of stucco,
brick and
slate.

(Continued on page 185.)

THE DREAM OF MING WANG, AS PLAYED IN
THE PEAR TREE GARDEN: THE LEGEND
FROM WHICH "THE YELLOW JACKET" WAS
WRITTEN BY GEORGE C. HAZLETON AND
J. HARRY BENRIMO



THE Pear Tree Garden belonged to the king's palace. In the springtime it was fragrant with pearly white pear blossoms, cherry trees stood along the edge of it, in its deep shadows were blue pines. In this garden of beauty and fragrance lived the great *Ming Wang*, the august Honorable, the Son of Heaven and of glorious memory. One night in the great palace of many peaks, *Ming Wang* was visited with an enchanted dream, a dream of mystery and beauty, and in his sleep he rambled far from the Pear Tree Garden out over the wonder of the moon.

In the morning he returned slowly from dreamland with a vivid memory of all that had happened in that visit to the moon. He told the story to his wife, and in order that she should see it fully and clearly he commanded the court to clothe the glory of his dream in a beautiful drama which should be played beneath the pear trees in the palace yard in the summer time for the beloved queen.

WITH the fragrance of the blooming trees, with the beauty of the flower garden close to us, with our eyes delighted with rich costumes and rare jewels, with the beautiful symbolism of conquering the world through love, we will rest in the Pear Tree Garden in a humble seat near the great *Ming Wang* and listen to the story of his dream as played by his courtiers.

The little bells of the pagoda tinkle rhythmically, the property man strikes a gong and claps his hands. The drama which the Pear Tree Garden Players are now playing is the history of *Wu Hoo Git*, the pilgrim in quest of an ideal, the pilgrim who must face all sorrow and tragedy of the world and triumph through love. It is *Parsifal* again and *Siegfried*, it is *Lancelot* and *Buddha*, it is youth seeking greatness as symbolized in the poetry of every land in the world. *Wu Hoo Git* is left to face his world-battle alone, and he starts away in search of the Yellow Jacket, the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, the royal peacock feathers. All his adventures are set forth in the Pear Tree Garden. He fords terrible mountain streams, he scales the brow of the loftiest peak, he is whirled away from his adventure in life in blinding snowstorms, he is beguiled by the Spider and depressed by the Autumn Cloud. In this splendid adventure of youth, he touches the hand of maternal affection, sweet almond eyes



CHEE MOO as played by Mrs. Coburn in the presentation of "The Yellow Jacket" in New York this fall under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Coburn.



MR. COBURN AS THE CHORUS in his own presentation of "The Yellow Jacket," to be seen at the Cort Theater this fall.



WU SIN YIN at the left as he appears in the present production of "The Yellow Jacket": At the right Tai Foh Min:

The costumes throughout this beautiful production are those used by Mr. Hazleton and Mr. Benrimo in their original showing of this fascinating Chinese play.



CHEE MOO bids farewell to the adorable Wu Hoo Git in the lower circle of the picture, and above one sees her renunciation of her baby and her ascent to heaven.

THE DREAM OF MING WANG

of joy look into his; but because he has started his perilous journey through the great sacrifice of mother love he is guarded and helped and saved for complete triumph—material and spiritual.

IN the very beginning of the dream, *Chee Moo*, his mother, walks in her lovely garden by the lily pool near the hyacinth blooms, the purple wistaria moves caressingly as she passes and the white jasmine fills the air about her with eager reverence. *Chee Moo* is the wife of the great Governor, *Wu Sin Yin*. She is sad in her beautiful garden in spite of her lovely boy, *Wu Hoo Git*, and her proud position. For the second wife is jealous of her, and the second wife has a maid who knows strange mysteries that make enmity unsafe. This little maid, *Tso*, wishes her mistress to be the first and important wife of the Governor, that her own position at the court may be greater.

"I am *Tso*," she announces herself. "I am the dust in the sun-beam, I am one of the darkest shadows in the play. I throw a tiny rainbow shadow across the eyes of my mistress, *Due Jung Fah*, which makes her look very beautiful in her rich jewels and pretty gowns and then I draw a thunder-cloud across the eyes of *Wu Sin Yin* and he sees his beautiful child twisted and deformed. He disposes of *Chee Moo*, its mother, and I become the first maid." Alas, that all this cruel plot should work against *Chee Moo*, whose lovely boy, *Wu Hoo Git*, is only saved by the return to earth of the spirit of his great-grandfather, *Ling Won*.

Ling Won: "I come to warn you and to save your son."

Chee Moo: "It is too terrible. I could fill a crystal vase with a mother's tears. What shall I do?"

Ling Won: "Send the august *Wu Hoo Git* on his world-journey alone."

Chee Moo: "You would not take the little *Wu Hoo Git* from me!"

Ling Won: "You must come to us that *Wu Hoo Git* may live to the glory of the Emperor."

Chee Moo: "But he will lose his way on his world-journey without a mother's care and love."

Ling Won: "The future is for the gods; we are spirits and know only the path back to the moon whence he came. His steps are toward the sun, whither he goes."

Chee Moo: "But he needs a mother to feed and to look after him."

Ling Won: "The ravens will feed him; the eagles will show him the mountain peaks; the humming-birds will tell him the names of the flowers along his path; the goldfish will show him whither the streams flow straight. And a maiden will arise to teach him the story

THE DREAM OF MING WANG

of love. Fear not. The Gods of Mercy and of Love will hold his hands."

Chee Moo: "My *Wu Hoo Git*—my little *Wu Hoo Git*. Your mother's heart melts for you."

Ling Won: "He will go up and up and up, till he wears the sun-hued garment, the yellow jacket."

Chee Moo decides to follow *Ling Won's* advice. She writes him a letter with blood from her own veins.

Chee Moo: "A mother's tears are falling as rain. They will fill the valleys across his path that his life-boat may float from mountain peak to mountain peak and confound his enemies who follow him. Ancestors guard him, love, embrace him. Will I hear his baby cry and not be able to come to him? Must I see the tears in his baby eyes and not be able to wipe them away?"

Ling Won: "Yes, yes."

Chee Moo, faint with the loss of blood, sinks to the stage. The property man and his assistants bring a ladder and place it at the opening. *Chee Moo* rises with their help and climbs up the ladder to enter heaven, that her little son may take his world-journey alone.

W*U HOO GIT* grows to manhood in the care of *Lee Sin*, the old farmer, and it is not until he seeks to know his life history and to reach out for the adventures of the world that, as in the case of *Siegfried*, the door is open and he goes forth trumpet in hand for the adventures through which he must pass to gain the yellow jacket and the peacock feathers.

Before he starts out on his adventures the play gives us a vision of *Daffodil*, who is to be the rival of *Wu Hoo Git*, the rival for the glory of the kingdom, for the happiness of love, for the power of the conqueror—a very exquisite person who regards all of life as too vulgar for his august appreciation. He calls to his aid *Yin Suey Gong*, he with a hump on his back, who is to lead *Wu Hoo Git* astray, to overwhelm him with flattery, to put before him the temptation of youthful love, to lead him astray in the mountains and to blow the breath of winter winds over his spiritual consciousness. *Yin Suey Gong* is a philosopher, yet a cruel and unscrupulous servant.

Through the shadow of the garden *Wu Hoo Git* comes forth to battle with life, to love it, to conquer it.

Wu Hoo Git: "Where do I find myself?"

Yin Suey Gong: "In the land where the honey is sweet and the bees have lost their sting. In the land of perfumed pleasure, where the cups are heavy with silver rice-wine and the lips of love are heavy with greeting and every desire is finished in its answer."

THE DREAM OF MING WANG

Wu Hoo Git: "But this is not the land I seek. I look for my ancestors."

Yin Suey Gong: "You are augustly wise. You are old and learned. I bow to the magnificence of your dress, your wonderful jewelry of amber."

Wu Hoo Git: "I am transcendently wise."

Yin Suey Gong: "There are only two things to please the taste of an august man like you."

Wu Hoo Git: "Only two in this broad world?"

Yin Suey Gong: "Only two. You may travel, you may study, you may know; but pearly wine and luscious women are all that you will find. Some far countries boast of the dance, but it is a part of woman. Our august land oft speaks in song; but that, too, is sweet from the lips of woman only. It is not the note or string. It is the lips that sing. To know wine and women is rarer far than to know classics. The great scholars know this, but praise not my honesty."

Wu Hoo Git: "You make me wonder. But it concerns me not in my search for my ancestors."

Yin Suey Gong: "Be tutored by glorious woman, the rims of whose rice wine-cups are crystallized with kisses."

Wu Hoo Git: "What are kisses?"

Through the pathway are seen four flower girls. *Wu Hoo Git* stops as they come toward him saying, "How modest they are! Fans before their rose faces. It makes smiling in my heart."

Yin Suey Gong: "It has pleased many."

Wu Hoo Git: "By what charm do women hold us enchained?"

Yin Suey Gong: "Wise men have wondered."

Wu Hoo Git: "This was never taught me in philosophy. How much there is to learn!"

One of the girls sings and dances. At the end of the music, *Wu Hoo Git* says, "She sings with lips that part like opening roses. My foster-mother never sang like that. I feel something here that beats."

Yin Suey Gong: "That is your heart. Philosophy knows nothing of it."

Wu Hoo Git: "I like her, she is so sweetly made."

Yin Suey Gong: "You may hold her and embrace her beauties."

Wu Hoo Git: "My arms may not be strong enough."

Yin Suey Gong: "Hers were made to help you."

Wu Hoo Git, taking the girl in his arms: "It is easier than I thought. She grows more delicately beautiful. She is sweeter than the rarest incense."

Yin Suey Gong: "You may taste her lips."

The property man here arranges couches and cushions into a

THE DREAM OF MING WANG

lovely "flower-boat." The two young people take their seats. Bamboo poles are handed to *Wu Hoo Git*, and through the magic of love and the mystery of youth and the enchantment of the scene in the Pear Tree Garden, we realize that the flower-boat is about to slip away down the stream, carrying as its freight, love and romance and the first golden hour of youth.

Wu Hoo Git: "By what name are you called?"

Chow Wan: "Chow Wan, Autumn Cloud."

Wu Hoo Git: "I do not understand you, but I like you better than philosophy."

Chow Wan: "When you have said farewell to me, you will be a wiser philosopher."

Wu Hoo Git: "Must we part?"

Chow Wan: "Not for many perfumed days."

The Chorus: "'Tis a flower-boat which floats upon a silver river of love."

Chow Wan: "Let us float among the lotus plants while the night birds perch on the moon-rays and sing to us, and I answer their song."

Wu Hoo Git: "This is the night of love. Let not the morning come."

Chow Wan: "A love boat passes us in the moonlight."

Wu Hoo Git: "It holds a woman and a man in sweet embrace. It is the lotus-lipped fan girl."

IT is while *Wu Hoo Git* is searching for his ancestors that they may protect and comfort him after his sad adventures on the flower-boat, which turn out as the tragic adventures of the great knights of the Grail always have turned out, leaving the pilgrim sad, poor and seeking true love, that he discovers *Moy Fah Loy*, the Plum Blossom. He chances to kneel before the shrine of the family of the Plum Blossom, and here, indeed, he finds true love—not at once or for lightly taking, but he has a vision of the augustly blessed emotion that brings to him reverence and joy and an added desire to scale every height that he might share success with the lovely Plum Blossom.

Wu Hoo Git tells this august woman heart, "I have traveled the road of pleasure. I have sailed on the flowery sea of sin."

Moy Fah Loy: "How enchanting! How old are you? You must be forty, you are so beautiful and so wise. Walk for me."

Wu Hoo Git: "I would walk into your eyes and lips."

Moy Fah Loy: "Then I should have traveled the flowery paths just as far as you."

Wu Hoo Git: "I would have celestially sworn that I had measured the depths and heights of joy; but now I know I have only stood on the rim of the false jade cup before I looked into your eyes."

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And then *Wu Hoo Git* passes on to other adventures. His enemy, *Daffodil*, whose crown *Wu Hoo Git* must wrest eventually, is fearful of his success. "I will impede his journey toward my person and my throne," he says. "I will throw death evils in his pathway. I will place before him a lofty mountain peak—that he may exhaust himself in climbing over it. I will direct the battle with my fan."

And the mountain peak is made with tables one above another and one above another until a battlement is formed and over this lofty hilltop which, as you watch the players in the Pear Tree Garden, seems quite insurmountable, the almost exhausted *Wu Hoo Git* finally travels until he reaches breathlessly the top. Then, having successfully scaled the mountain, he presses on to battlefields and from battlefields he crosses fearful rivers, and monsters and terrors pursue him.

At last *Wu Hoo Git* reaches a wayward river and a bridge. The water confronts him. (It is a space on the stage between two stools.) The chasm seems deep and chill and the way very narrow. He is advised to find a safer crossing. "Let us be brave souls," he says. He steps on the bridge, which is a narrow plank, and falls to his knees, the horror below him is so great. He breathes a silent prayer to the mother who went up the ladder to heaven. He kisses the little baby garment which she left him with her words and prayers painted on it from the blood of her wrist. He sees terrible sights in the waters below—a serpent's face, and then at last he rises to his feet courageous and strong. With a shout, "For Plum Blossom I will conquer earth and heaven," he jumps from the "bridge."

BUT his anxiety and his difficulties are not over. He is attacked by the God of Thunder, by *Kom Loi*, the spider who seeks to ensnare and slay him, who woos him with a face as gentle as Plum Blossom's. The spider spits witch-daggers at him, tries to destroy his love and his life, throws silk strands about him. Finally *Wu Hoo Git* becomes tied up in strands and falls, then he calls to Plum Blossom, "*Moy Fah Loy*, save me!"

Moy Fah Loy: "I came to you in your hour of need."

Wu Hoo Git: "I will build a mountain that shall kiss high Heaven, and on the top of it I will cone ten thousand peaks till, topping the highest with my dainty foot, you palpitate within my august arms."

But *Moy Fah Loy* is in Heaven. She has made herself a spirit to guard him through his world pilgrimage and she assures him that while she is in Heaven, although love is in her heart, she has no body for him to love, neither lips, nor arms, nor eyes.

From this on frightful shapes pursue him, monsters with glitter-

THE DREAM OF MING WANG

ing eyes, the tiger father of all tigers. And his companion, *Git Hok Gar*, warns him to run and at least save himself. But *Wu Hoo Git* answers, "I shall augustly sever its head to crown my love with victory." And courage in the pursuit of the yellow jacket as courage in pursuit of immortal love, in pursuit of the Holy Grail, brings at the end safety and courage.

At last *Wu Hoo Git*, nearing the end of his journey, is enveloped in fearful blasts of snow and feels life slipping from him. "Moy Fah Loy! Plum Blossom! You, too, desert me in my hour of death." Here the spirit of his mother comes for the first time—*Chee Moo*, who wrote his story in blood.

Chee Moo: "May the sweetness of my Heaven-prayer bring warmth into your world body."

And so at the end *Wu Hoo Git* is saved by the mother who gave her life at the beginning for his chances for splendor and accomplishment. It is love all through that saves *Wu Hoo Git*, the love of woman from the first scene to the last. And at the end, as we have imagined, he conquers even the delicate Daffodil king, who has sought to injure him at every turn. And, of course, having found his kingdom, he must find his queen, and Plum Blossom naturally gives up her diadem in Heaven for her crown beside *Wu Hoo Git*.

"Your slipper," he says to her, "shall be my scepter."

Moy Fah Loy: "My love!"

Wu Hoo Git: "My Plum Blossom!"

Chee Moo, from an opening in the curtain, the other side of which is Heaven, "The world and wisdom are his."

And so with all good things for the courageous, with love triumphant, the dream of *Ming Wang* ends and the story as it comes to us today is told in "The Yellow Jacket," which has been performed all round the world in the last four years.

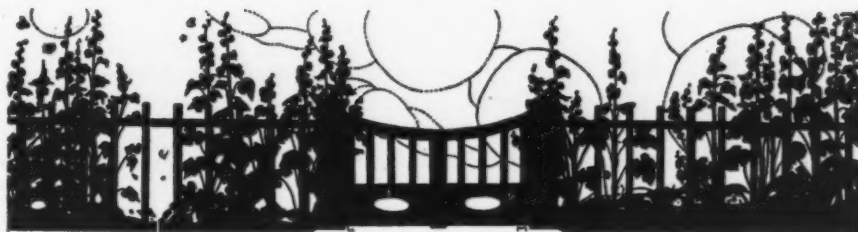
[THE CRAFTSMAN has permission from the publishers of "The Yellow Jacket" (The Bobbs-Merrill Company) to present the above article.

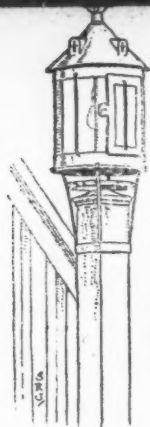
"The Yellow Jacket," both play and book, is by George C. Hazleton, and J. Harry Benrimo. The play was first presented in New York four years ago this fall, meeting with immediate *succes d'estime*. Since its presentation in New York it has been presented under the management of Mr. Benrimo at all the important cities of Europe. Mr. Benrimo co-operated with Mr. Reinhardt at its presentation in Berlin, with Benevante in Madrid, in Warsaw with Stanislauski. It was also presented in Moscow, in Vienna, in Budapest, Cologne, London, until it has literally been called "the play which has charmed the world."

The book was copyrighted in 1913 by George C. Hazleton, Jr., and J. Harry Benrimo, and is protected in all foreign countries, and all rights, including acting, moving-pictures and publications, are reserved by the authors.]

TO A CHINESE SACRED LILY: BY PHYLLIS
WARD

I STAND and worship at
thy pagan shrine,
Thou flower of the mystic
East! and see
With inward eye that priestly
pageantry—
A nation going forth to
worship thee!
Thy fragrance, like a rising
incense sweet,
From some old Chinese temple,
fills the air,
And with its magic seems to
show them there,
Ascending slowly the
pagoda stair,
Bearing within their arms
thy creamy blooms!
How many million souls have
nurtured thee
Down through the ages till you
come to me,
To open out upon the world
and see
No kneeling forms or high,
dim temple roof,
Only an alien worshipper,
intent
On thee, thou mystery of the Orient!





Newell
lantern
from
England.

THE CRAZE FOR THE SIMPLE HOUSE: HOW IT IS BUILT AND DECORATED

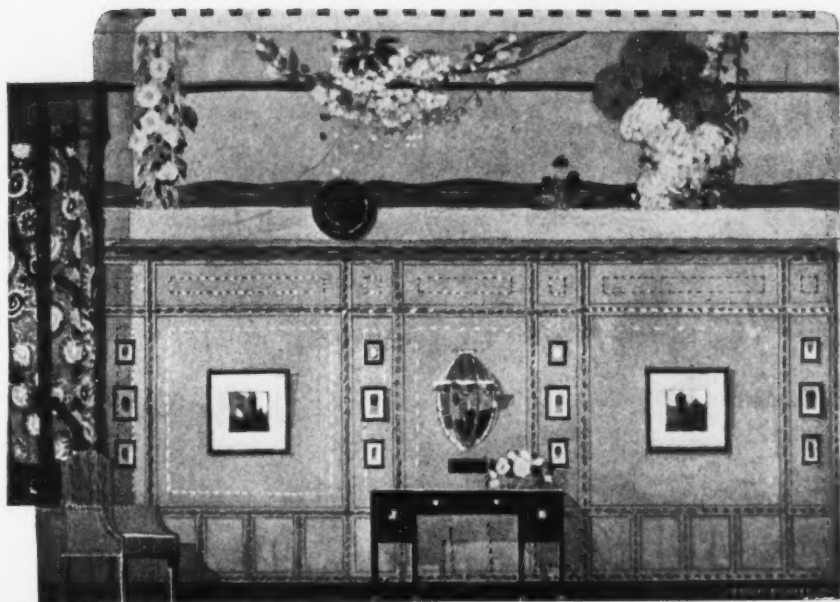


THE trend of architectural progress during the past year has been markedly toward a more dignified simplicity in exteriors and a greater refinement of details in interiors. This is noticeable in small as well as in large houses, in our own country, in Great Britain, Canada, even in South Africa and New Zealand. We are considering in this statement, of course, conditions of domestic, not of civic architecture. The Panama-Pacific Exposition, assembling as it did the best examples of recent work of the architects of America as well as those of our neighboring nations, provided a rare opportunity for the study and comparison of present styles and of the influences that shaped them.

The war has forced radical changes, cramping architectural progress in one direction, liberating it in others. The difficulties of obtaining certain accustomed materials have compelled a working acquaintance with others. The exigencies of business have made builders consider the cost more carefully than formerly, to weigh the desire for "gingerbread" with that for better materials and workmanship. Always the decision has been for stronger and better foundations, for materials that last, for simpler form of construction rather than for extravagant ornament. Limitation of means, therefore, has, as it were, winnowed the chaff from the wheat, has shown men how to treasure the good and discard the worthless, has taught people to discriminate between essentials and non-essentials.

There has been during this last year great advance in the use of brick for house building, and therefore brick of better quality, color and texture has been made to satisfy the demand. Never has there been a more attractive or more sensible use of this time-tried, building material. Wood also has undergone transformation in the hands of the builders, especially in the treatment of exteriors, the house walls, roofs, trim, etc. We find freer use of stains and a tendency toward more color in paint. One recent way of introducing color that is rapidly growing in favor, is in blinds and shutters. The solid-panel blinds used in protecting country houses are often painted in bright apple green or rich deep blue that make fine color patches against the house and relate it in a pleasing way with the garden.

Wood used in the interior of houses is given softer finish, there is less varnish and shine. Furniture is often painted in cheerful colors and in amusing design. There are fewer articles about the house, and these few are of better quality. The demand for individual instead of factory-made rugs, furniture, lamps, brass and copper pieces, table linen, etc., is extraordinary, showing that people are mov-



Courtesy of John Lane Company.

DESIGN FOR A BOUDOIR in tempera by H. Davis Richter, is shown in the upper picture.

DINING ROOM of "Weyton," Weybridge, England: Castle and Warren, architects: Beautiful example of modern artistic simplicity.



**MAHOGANY
DRESSING TABLE**
with fine inlay: De-
signed by M. H. Baillie
Scott: An excellent ex-
ample of the beauty of
simple lines in modern
English furniture.



**MAHOGANY
SIDEBOARD**
recently designed
by M. H. Baillie
Scott: Classical in
its simplicity and
perfection of pro-
portion.

THE SIMPLE HOUSE

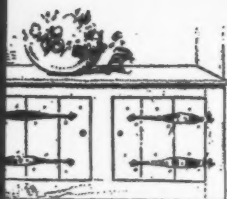
ing away from a desire for commonplaceness to that of wishing for really choice articles. A general revival of handicraft is certain. Housewives are becoming skilled as of old, in weaving, embroidery, wood carving, fine sewing and the general average of art sense is increasing by leaps and bounds.

THE feature that has influenced the external aspect of houses more generally than any other is, perhaps, the outdoor living room or sleeping porch. On the Pacific Coast, in British East Africa, in most of the British Colonies in fact, the outside living room is always the dominating factor. For people will have a loggia, a wide porch or patio or terrace fitted with lounging chairs, tables for books, tasteful rugs, flower boxes, etc., where they can be out of doors the major part of the time. Out on the Pacific Coast architects have long been giving especial thought toward the introducing of outdoor rooms, to floor plans that place the sleeping porch in convenient as well as architecturally beautiful relation to the other rooms. Throughout the East also we find such sensible provision for health and comfort in most of the new house plans. Old houses all through the East are being brought up-to-date with wide verandas or pergola wings intended to serve as sitting or reception rooms.

Architects in designing the new houses are not permitted to overlook the client's desire for the open-air sleeping porch. It is insisted upon in the East as well as the West. If storms occasionally blow too fiercely they are shut out with roll canvas curtains. People who have once experienced the deliciously refreshing sensation that follows a sleep in the open are ever after eager to repeat the delight, so architects are constrained to reckon with open-air sleeping porches. In Mediæval days look-out towers and battlemented walls exerted an all-powerful influence over domestic architecture; today the open-air sitting room is the predominating swaying factor.

The designing and furnishing of small houses or cottages offers a great field for original or, we might say, for individual form and decoration because cottage owners usually aim to incorporate in them some striking personal characteristic. Cottages must necessarily be an expression of the utmost possible simplicity. Everything must be eliminated save the absolutely needful. Every angle, corner, gable or dormer must be used to hold a built-in table, cupboard or chest of drawers—if space be properly conserved.

One of our sketches shows a dormer window with fitted dressing table and chest of drawers. Another shows a combination cupboard and shelves built in a small space between a fireplace and a wall. Such useful articles are not only picturesque additions to a little home,

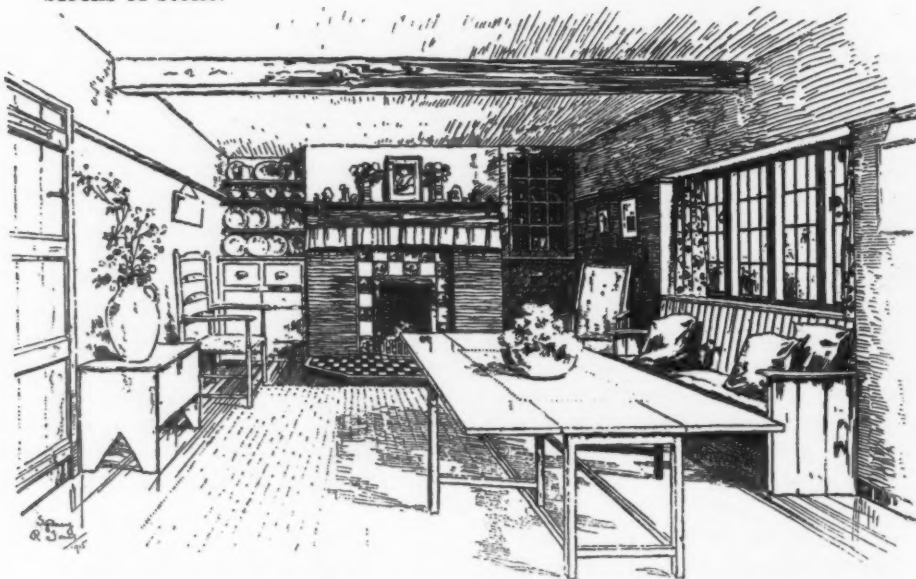


Small fitted cupboard with interesting hinges.

THE SIMPLE HOUSE

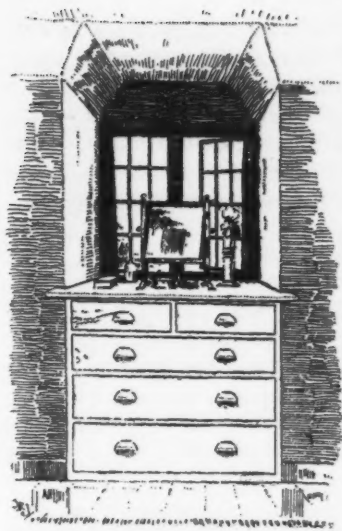
but they cost much less than movable ones and serve the same purpose. Dressers built into kitchens to hold rows of bright plates above and provided with doors below, behind which pots and pans may be stored, give a bright domestic look to the room and they certainly make a convenient working center. The space beneath stairways could just as well be utilized with open shelves filled with books and magazines and a few bright-colored jars or other ornaments, as closed with ordinary-looking closet doors. In some places even a cozy writing desk could be constructed in the space beneath the stairs.

A COTTAGE must be built with exceptional thought for proportion of doors, windows, walls, moldings, fireplaces, etc., else it will be impossible even with an inspired color sense to make a pleasing atmosphere. Good taste in color and furnishing is not enough, though it certainly goes a long way toward making a beautiful room. The choice of furniture, of lamps, rugs, wall papers and pictures and then the matter of their grouping are all of great importance, but nothing can be done with a room that is originally badly balanced in form and proportion. Little houses, like jewels, must be exquisitely formed; they cannot be, as it were, rough-hewn like great blocks of stone.



Living room of an English cottage recently completed showing built-in features of convenience and beauty.

THE SIMPLE HOUSE

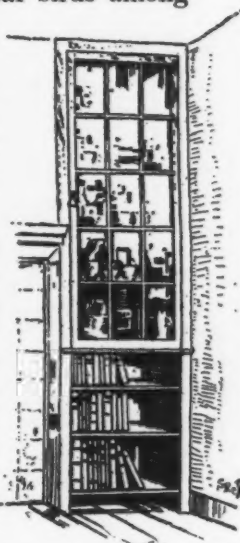


Dormer window with fitted dressing table and chest.

The larger houses naturally can carry more elaborate decoration than the smaller ones. The general tendency in interior color seems to be toward lighter and gayer schemes, the idea being to produce pleasing, harmonious effects that cheer, refresh and rest the owners, their family and guests. An attempt has been made to introduce panels executed in stained woods. This new art has great decorative possibilities and promises interesting developments. Marquetry in itself, of course, is not a new art, but the method of its present use as panels in large homes, in city libraries, clubhouses, etc., is certainly an innovation. When the woods are artistically selected such panels are not only wonderfully rich in color, but possess unusual decorative value.

The past year shows an increase toward individual treatment of walls instead of the use of papers. When papers are used they have a tendency toward what might be called humor, such as Americanized versions of Chinese designs, gay parrots and tropical birds among weirdly colored foliage, queer conventionalized little trees, etc. Such papers are in great demand for country bedrooms, for breakfast rooms, nurseries, and sun rooms; but for living rooms, halls and dining rooms a more dignified decoration is preferable.

Walls covered with a coarse canvas and decorated by being painted upon in tempera colors is frequently advocated when something especially delicate or original is desired. A design by H. Davis Richter for a boudoir finished in this method shows a harmonious scheme of silver gray ranging from pure white to warm black relieved with notes of bright, pure blue, emerald green and amber. In this room is black lacquered furniture with silver mounts. Though the extreme simplicity of this may at first thought seem to be too severe for a lady's boudoir, yet the delicacy of design and refinement of imagination relieve it of any suggestion of such a charge, as may be seen in one of our illustrations.



A cupboard and shelves in recess between fireplace and wall.

THE SIMPLE HOUSE

We are also showing two pieces of furniture designed by M. H. Baillie-Scott which proves the beauty of furniture constructed upon absolutely simple lines. The only relief on these designs is that of a fine inlay. Mahogany when selected with such knowledge as in the case of the dressing table scorns thought of much decoration. The central mirror is flanked by two boxes divided into small compartments to hold toilet articles. The lids when opened form trays at each side of the table.

ONE of the newest materials displayed this last year, to be used for hangings, is a figured velvet which, when shown recently in London, was considered to be the most important advance in the art of velvet weaving developed since the Middle Ages. This new fabric consists of three heights of pile, whereas up till this invention, the "pile-on-pile" velvets did not exceed two heights. The possibility of this new achievement of Mr. Frank Warner's seems endless.

From Canada the report of the year is most encouraging. Canada is rich in building materials. Houses of the better class are often of stone because this material is found almost everywhere and in many beautiful shades. Chimneys are generally conspicuous features, for big fireplaces are important parts of all Canadian houses, so also are steep pitched roofs to shed the heavy snows. Since these roofs must often support heavy masses of snow and ice, they are apt to be made of tile, slate or copper sheet metal. Sun rooms are growing in favor. Being enclosed with glass, they make the most attractive winter sitting rooms. Since in the summer they are often used as sleeping porches, they are generally enclosed outside the casements, which swing in, with metal screens.

Climate naturally exerts a big influence upon the architecture of New Zealand. Builders must count upon heavy rainfalls and prepare for a long dry season so that wide verandas are universal. Timber is abundant, so is the most inexpensive and therefore universal building material. In pioneer days even the foundations of houses were of wood blocks. Now, however, though wood is still used largely for inside walls, roofs are of interlocking tile, asbestos or metal slates. Brick and concrete has not been popular because of its cost, though occasionally the houses of the wealthier people are built of these materials.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The illustrations in this article are from "The Studio Year Book of Decorative Art," courtesy of John Lane Company, a review of which will be found in the Book Review department of this magazine.

THE BEAUTY OF HUMBLE GARDENS: BY MRS. ALEX. CALDWELL



THE sense of the beautiful is a gift shared alike by those of low as well as of high degree, as are all the other finest experiences of life, such as love, happiness, joy of motion, delight of perfume and sweet sounds. Therefore there is no reason at all why humble little gardens should not be owned by every one. They breathe as exquisite a spirit and show forth as perfect a form as those of nobler magnitude, because they are made by people who want them very much indeed.

As a matter of fact, unassuming little gardens are often far more pleasing, more adorable and altogether to be desired than pretentious ones, for they are fashioned by intuition, inspired by love instead of created at the arrogant command of some one who does not understand their ways at all, but desires them because he sees other people have them. Gardens as individuals are like flowers themselves, that is, some are queenly like the rose, some splendid of color, but for which we feel no attachment such as the dahlia; some delightfully winsome like the pansy. There are formal aristocratic gardens, flawless in culture and breeding, and there are wild gypsy gardens, brimming over with gaiety, scorning law and restraint; there are modest little gardens that like violets, mignonettes and wild roses, exhale so sweet a fragrance that they steal into our hearts and win everlasting place in our memory.

Of such gardens, "shy and lowly like the flower of sweetest smell," I wish now to exalt in words of deepest appreciation. Here in the South are many, many unassuming, but most attractive little gardens, for we in this sunny, kindly land, love the color, fragrance and beauty of flowers. We are home makers and home to us means not only the house, but the garden encircling it. Knowledge of flower life with us is an inherited instinct. We seem to know, without being taught, just how to make them grow, how to help them put forth their most perfect blooms. We exchange slips with our neighbors, we treasure plants and rose slips belonging to great aunts and grandmothers, we bring home seeds from wild places, and when on any especial vacation trip we return with a small plant or a bulb to set in our garden as memento. So they are full of an association and a beauty beyond that which meets the stranger's eye.

The humblest cottage is often glorified by a rose vine a king might envy or a flowering tree that has been tenderly cared for as if it were a member of the family through many generations. An old flag man that I know tends a row of gay and wonderful hollyhocks that stand beside his mite of a station, because they make him happy and be-

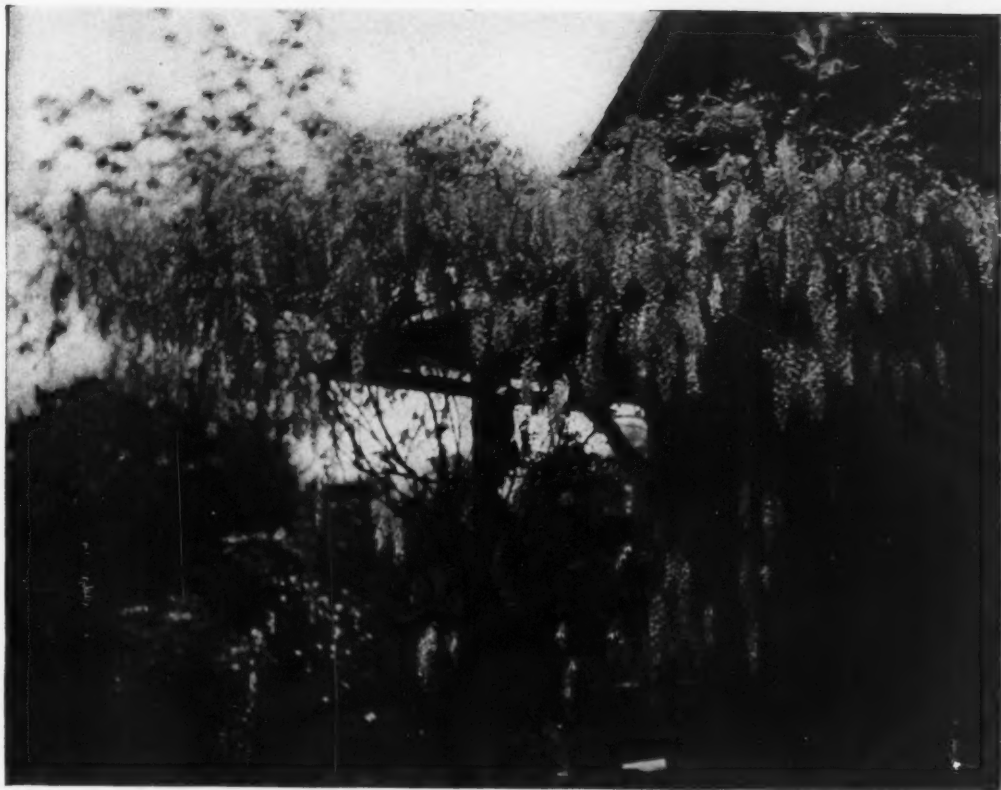
THE BEAUTY OF HUMBLE GARDENS

cause, as he said, "they give pleasure to all the folks who goes by 'em." Such brilliant display only costs but a few cents, so it is easy for everybody to have beauty in their doorways who really want it.

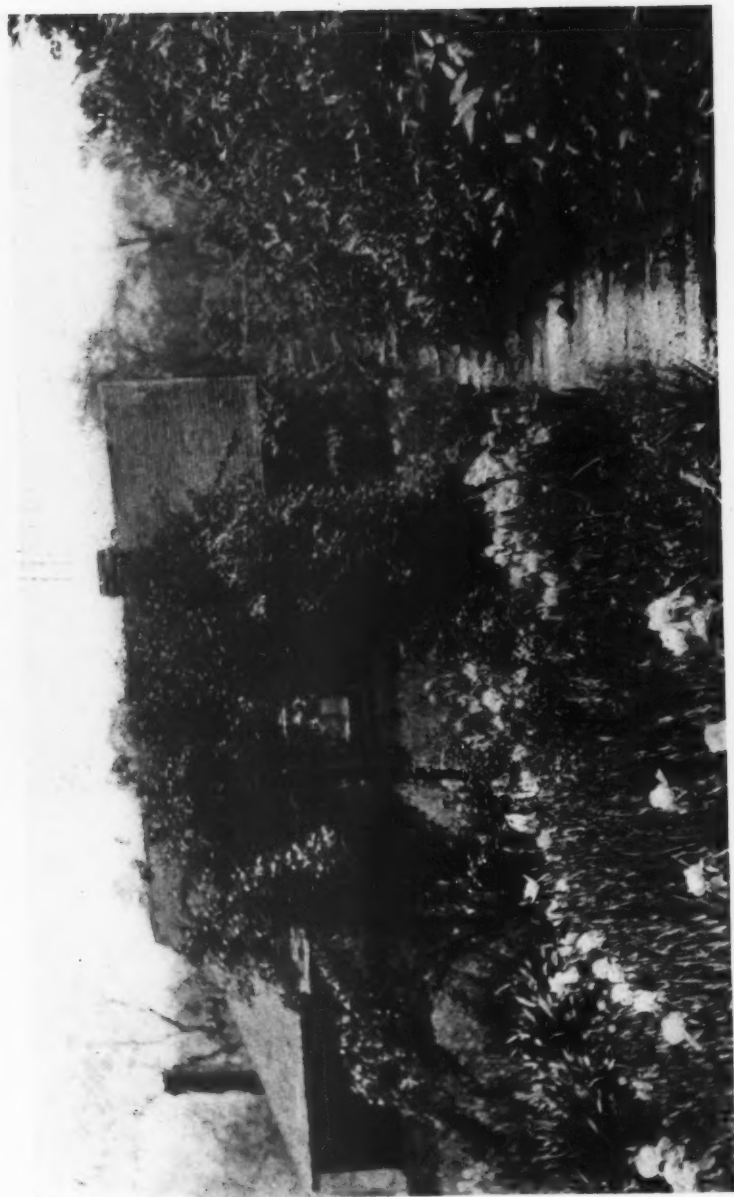
When space and purse is limited then a greater thought must be given the matter of gardening. There should be a striving for some one effect. Plant in a bold, strong way, plant enough of any one flower decided upon to give a rich effect. This will save the little garden from any suspicion of an impoverished look. One single, glorious Hiawatha rose or a wisteria vine will endow a garden with superb wealth of beauty. Better a few well selected plants than a jumble of quarrelsome colors. Humble gardens should never be prim and precise and look as though set in their ways. They should instead appear unstudied, unconscious, bright and sprightly as little children. No deep lore of hybridizing, grafting or of landscape composition is required to create a little garden; nothing save the love and interest that suggests what to do. Inexpensive old-fashioned flowers instead of the latest creations, simple hedges of privet instead of box; arches, benches and arbors of rustic rather than of expensively turned columns, compose the humble garden furniture. Hardy plants, bulbs, perennials and flowering shrubs that increase and multiply of themselves should be favored, while native shrubs and trees, such as hydrangeas, azaleas, dogwood, redbud, holly, hemlock, pine and cedars are suitable and to be had for the trouble of transplanting. Honeysuckle, gourd vine and moon-flowers, marigolds, zinnias, petunias and many kinds of lilies will return to the garden year after year if once given a support.

ONE of the photographs of a humble little Southern garden shows a path bordered with iris. With proper selection an iris border will put forth blossoms from early April to the end of July. The German and Japanese species are perennial. The range of colors of these garden favorites runs from purest of white, through the chromatic scales of lavenders and purples, to the *Iris Susiana*, that is almost a pure black. Spanish irises can be planted freely, for they are very inexpensive and very lovely. Among the Asiatic irises are some whose colors are equal to any orchid for beauty. In this group are many beautiful clear as well as spotted yellows. Then there is also the *Pavonia* or peacock iris, with small delft blue petals having deep blue eyes.

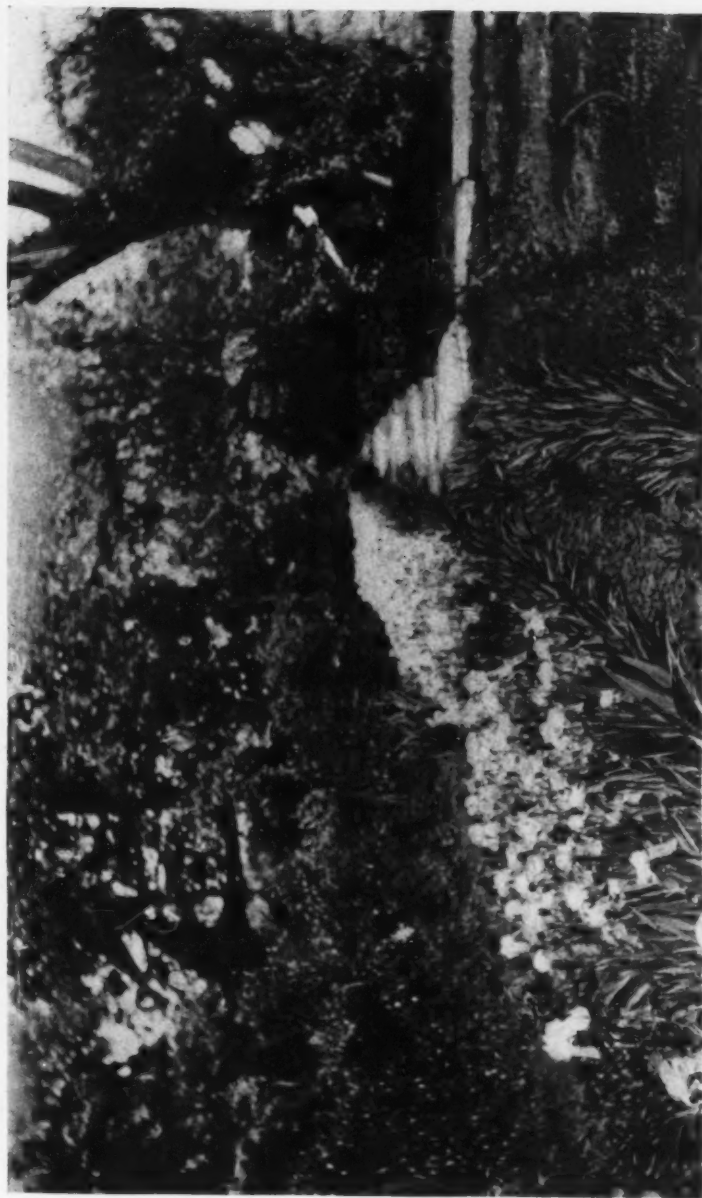
When the garden is at the apex of its autumn brilliance, then must its maker plan for the pale, tender beauty of spring colors. Crocuses, tulips, daffodils, hyacinths and such heralds of spring should have an entire winter to develop the buds that unfurl so quickly at the call of



ONE WISTARIA VINE such as shown above will glorify a humble garden year after year giving pleasure to several generations of those who dwell in the garden.



SIMPLY AN IRIS BORDER, an arch of green and path of flags—yet beauty dwells in this humble garden.



SIMPLE LITTLE GARDENS should be planted to perennials so that they will become as firmly established as the owners themselves and seem a vital and important part of the whole place.



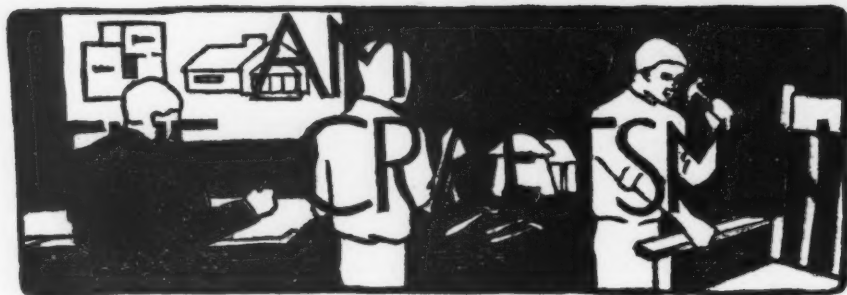
PLEASANT SECLUSION IS GAINED even in a humble garden by the planting of a hedge and a vine: Some one object like a bird bath or sun dial adds picture quality.

THE BEAUTY OF HUMBLE GARDENS

the first warm sun rays. If possible, put hyacinths and tulips in beds by themselves, so that they will not be injured by the planting spade when their day of bloom is past and other plants are needed to cover the ground. They can, however, after the tops have died, be taken up, dried, placed in baskets and set out again in the fall. In order to have them at their best they must be given a well drained bed and a moderately rich soil. Tulip bulbs should be set about four inches apart and hyacinths six inches beneath the surface. An easy way to plant them is first to prepare the bed, then place the bulbs upon the surface in the position desired, then make a hole in the ground with a dibber (which can be made from an old broom or hoe handle), dropping the bulb (right side up, of course), and pushing the soil down over it, pressing firmly, seeing to it that the base of the bulb touches the earth and does not hang loosely above it.

Tulip bulbs, unfortunately, are apt to decrease through disease, so that their ranks must be augmented each fall if full complement of color be desired. Much crossing of species is responsible for this delicacy, and while we have a greater variety of colors to choose from than our grandmothers had, our bulbs are not as self perpetuating and hardy as those that graced their gardens. The Darwins are, on the whole, perhaps in the greatest favor, for they are the most gorgeously colored of all and are of gigantic size, flower late and are exceptionally hardy. They may be left in the ground for several years without disturbing. After they are through blooming, sow over them arabis or some such free-blooming annual that will not disturb their sleep. The paper white and the Soleil d'Or narcissus, while great favorites for indoor culture, cannot always be depended upon for the garden. There is, however, a hardy *narcissus biflorus*, known as twin sister, that is very hardy. The *poeticus ornatus*, Emperor and *Barri Conspicuii* are also hardy and late bloomers. To get the best results spade the ground (previously enriched with manure) about eighteen inches apart and the small ones four, and about four inches beneath the ground. Bulbs should be thinned out about every three years.

November is the time for preparing the garden for its winter's sleep—roses must be protected with straw or leaves, hardy roses divided, flowering shrubs set out, poppy seed planted, peony beds mulched, geraniums cut back and put to rest, and the plants that have been prepared during the summer for the house brought in and set in sunny windows. November is truly a busy season in the little garden. Plans for the next season's improvement are then made and seeds gathered. This is the season also when paths can be changed, furniture made, and when the pipes can be laid to the little fountain that is to be installed the following year.



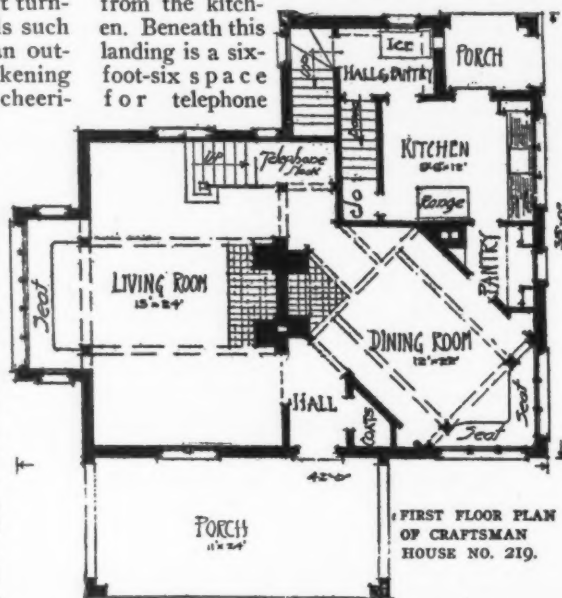
CRAFTSMAN HOUSES FOR THE HOME-WORKER; ORIGINAL IN DESIGN, PRACTICAL IN DETAIL

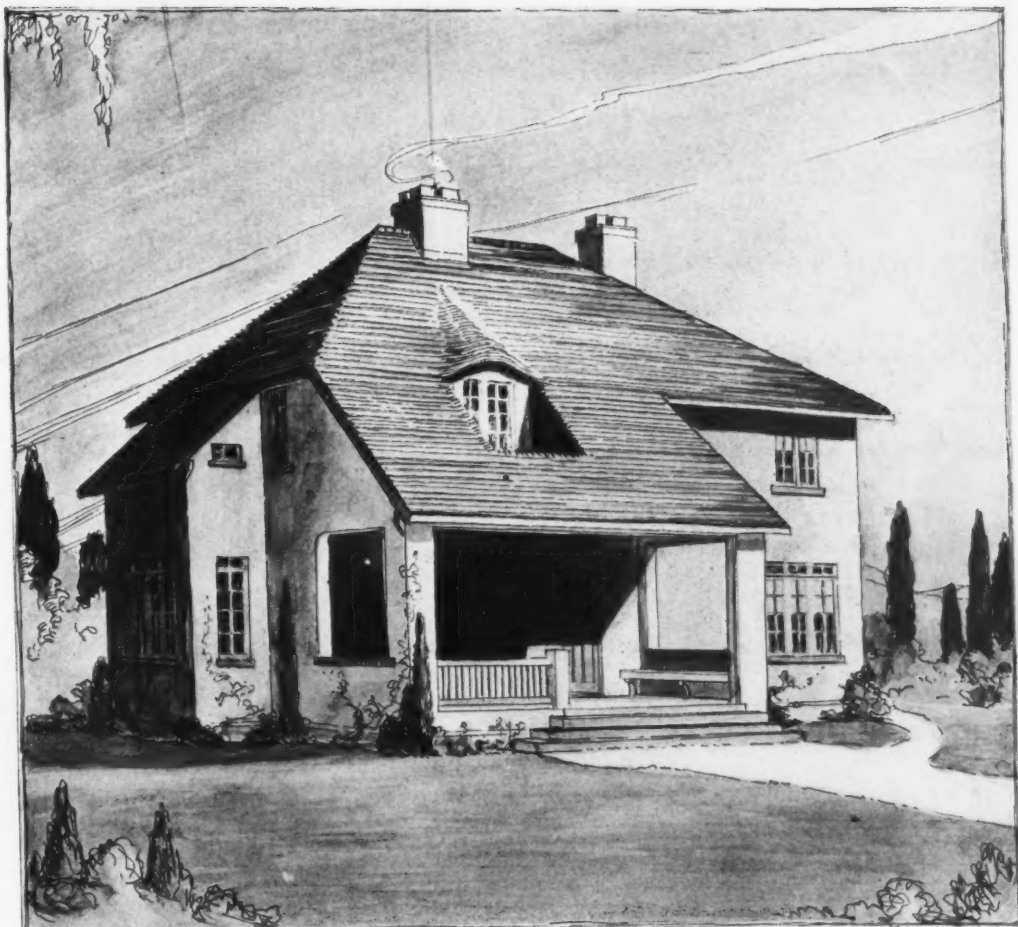
THE majority of Craftsman houses have been designed with the object of having them directly face one of the four points of the compass, but this month we are showing a most unusual plan worked out with the idea of placing the house on a lot that necessitates an angular direction. This house, number two hundred and nineteen, should be erected so that one corner of the front porch faces the south, and the corner of the kitchen porch, to the north; the large dining room windows will thus be directly toward the east. In many house plans the covered porch tends to shut off light from the rooms, but turning the house in this manner avoids such difficulty. Thus the pleasure of an outdoor room can be had without darkening or in any way interfering with the cheeriness of indoor rooms.

A study of the floor plan will show the advantage of such a position, not only in lighting, but in convenience of rooms and interest of design. As one enters the hall, two doors (or archways as preferred) confront one. The one to the left leads into the large living room, the one to the right into the dining room. The main effect of the dining room is square and each little corner has been planned to provide for some especial built-in feature. This room is heavily beamed so that it will provide support for the upper rooms. The beams are, therefore, genuine and not boxed ones. The whole eastern end of the room is glassed and provided with seats. There are two

pillars as shown in the floor plan to support the beams. From these lights could be suspended, lights also could hang from the two beams at the opposite end of the room, thus providing excellent light for the table. The angular placing of the dining room provides two corner cupboards, also gives good space for the flue of the kitchen stove.

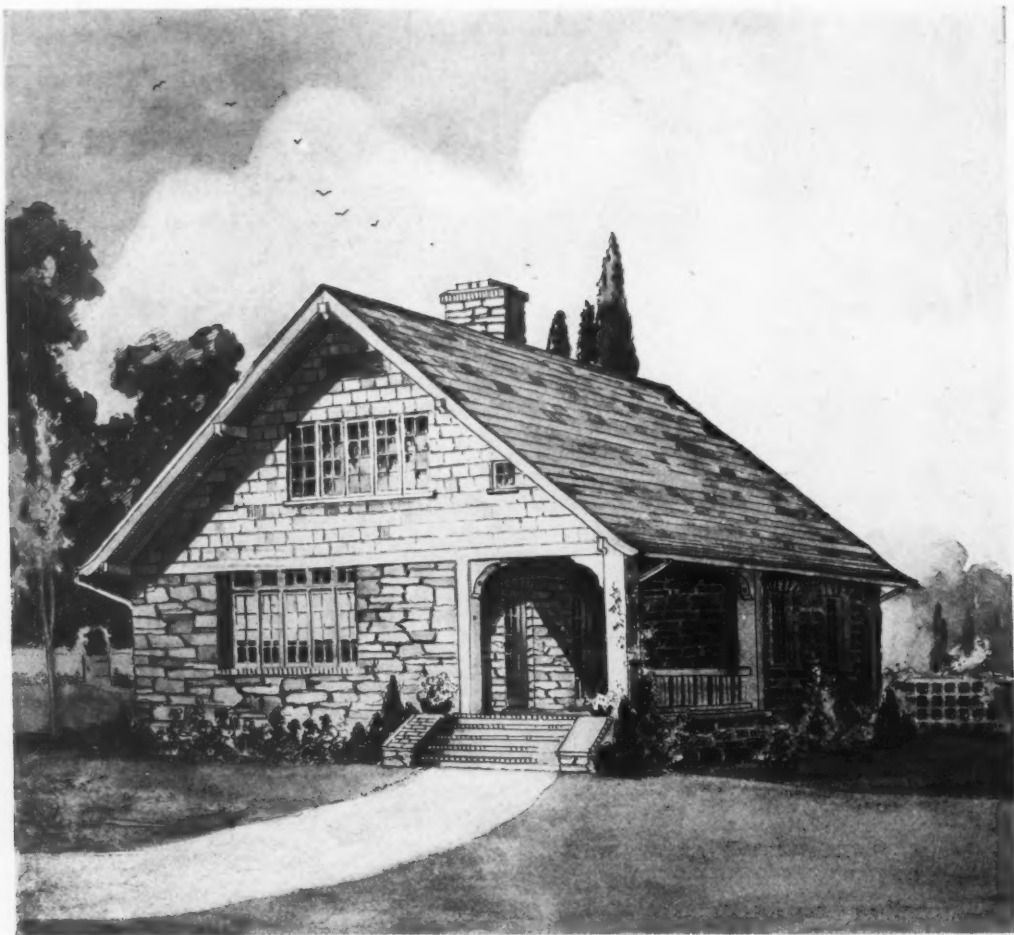
The living room is also beamed and a wide window with seat has been extended directly opposite the fireplace. This adds interest to the room and gives an abundance of light from three directions. It also prevents any effect of a long and narrow room. This plan gives two entrances into the dining room from the living room—one through the front hall and one through the west end of the room. The stairway leads directly up from the west end of the living room and meets, upon a landing, the back stairway coming from the kitchen. Beneath this landing is a six-foot-six space for telephone





There are no "Craftsman Houses" except those which appear in this magazine.

STUCCO AND HOLLOW TILE CRAFTSMAN HOUSE, Number Two Hundred and Nineteen, designed along simple and dignified lines: The interior arrangement of rooms facilitates housework and gains the fullest amount of sunlight.



OF FIELD STONE AND WOOD is this Craftsman house, Number Two Hundred and Twenty, designed for a small family: The comfort and convenience of the home maker has been studied so that house-work will be as easy and pleasant as possible to have it.

CRAFTSMAN HOUSES FOR THE HOME-WORKER

booth, if desired, or a little set of shelves for books. The kitchen is provided with a large sink and two drainboards beneath which are sets of drawers to hold the kitchen implements. There is also room for a small cupboard over one end to hold dishes. The passageway from kitchen to dining room makes an excellent butler's pantry and gives ample space for shelves for dishes and drawers to hold linen, silver, etc. There is also another closet in the kitchen near the range and space for working table if desired.

The back hall can be used as pantry and to hold the ice-box which is filled from the outside. From this back hall one can go downstairs to the basement or upstairs to the bedrooms. Thus the whole plan of the first floor is exceedingly compact. In case the housewife does her own work and wishes to close off the living room during severe winter weather, the dining room with its sunny windows would make a most excellent sitting room.

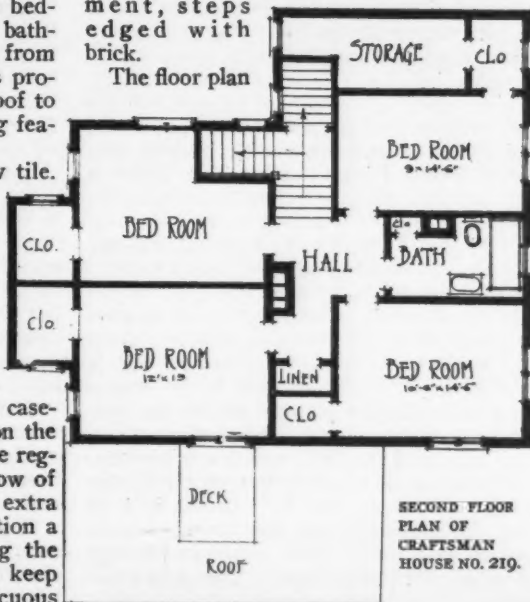
Upstairs are four good-sized bedrooms and a bath, with a large space under the roof for storage. From the two southwest bedrooms are unusually large closets, formed by the upper half of the bay window that is built up from the sitting room. Windows have been provided in these large closets for ventilation. Each bedroom opens from the hall, and the bathroom may be reached equally easy from all rooms. One of the bedrooms is provided with a window cut into the roof to give light and provide an interesting feature for the exterior of the house.

This house is of stucco on hollow tile. A good color scheme might be worked out by tinting the stucco slightly with yellow ochre, giving it a warm creamy tone and avoiding the cold blue-gray of the natural concrete. The roof and the exposed woodwork, which is rough hewn, could be dark brown. The edging of the porch openings should be of red-dish brown brick. The windows are casement painted white. The windows on the lower floor are carried higher than the regulation seven feet to provide for a row of transoms. These not only give extra light in the room but make ventilation a simple matter. The idea of toning the house as we have suggested is to keep any detail from being more conspicuous

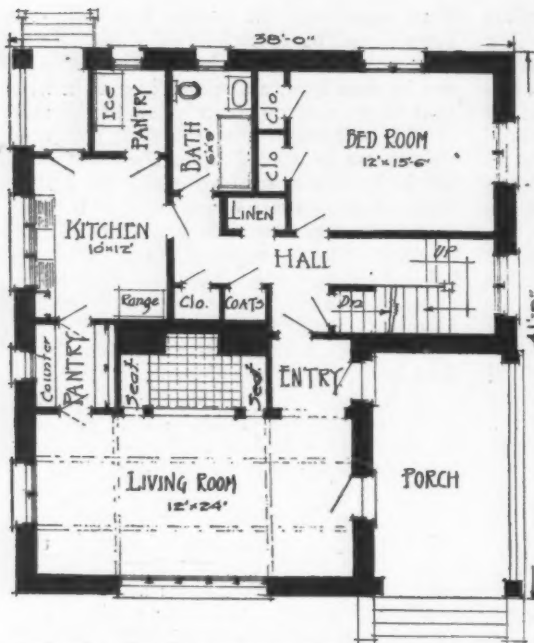
than another. In home building one should not be conscious of details until they are looked for, that is, they should not be seen from a distance in such a way that they seem out of relation to the rest of the building. The drawing suggests this house as placed upon the crest of a hill in its winter garb of evergreen plantings. Among these evergreens, of course, in the summer would be groups of bright flowers. The evergreens keep it from being barren in the winter and their presence, as indicated, in no way prevents the planting of any number of flowers.

The second house, number two hundred and twenty, is designed to be erected of field stone and wood, though, of course, brick or concrete could be used in case the house is built in a region where field stone is impractical. The color scheme of the house should be taken from the field stones themselves. In some localities there is a great deal of iron in the stone which would suggest that the woodwork be tinted warm brown and the roof a grayish green. In other regions the stone would be cold grays lacking the red tones, in which case the woodwork would be gray and the roof also, and the color for the house be obtained through the planting of the flowers. The shingles are laid random width, windows are casement, steps edged with brick.

The floor plan



CRAFTSMAN HOUSES FOR THE HOME-WORKER



FIRST FLOOR PLAN OF CRAFTSMAN HOUSE NO. 220.

shows a large living room, one end of which will serve as a dining room. The main idea in designing this cottage was to keep a compact plan for a small family, so that the woman of the house can do her own housework as easily as possible. The passageway from the kitchen to the living room is converted into a generous sized pantry. Swing doors are provided to shut out the odors from the kitchen. From the kitchen also is a large pantry with ice-box that could be filled from the outside. There is also a large sink with double drainboards just beneath the window.

There is a small entry opening into the living room on the left and into a private hall on the right. From this hall, which can be closed by a door or left as an arch as desired, is the stairway leading to the second floor. From this retired hall is the bedroom with its two large closets and two large windows placed to give cross draughts. From this hall also one has access to the bath and to the kitchen. By placing this hall in the center of the house all rooms may be reached from it and the housewife can pass from bedroom to kitchen or to bath without passing through the living room. This gives her

opportunity of condensing her work and of shutting the living room away from the rest of the house after it is once in order.

A feature of the living room is the fireplace nook and the wide window opposite. A large library table backed by a davenport could be symmetrically placed in the center of the room, or the large table could be at the kitchen end of the dining room and the davenport could be placed at an angle to the fireplace. In this plan as shown there are many ways of arranging the large living room furniture to advantage. The seats by the fireplace give a cozy look and make an interesting addition to the living room.

No plan has been shown for the second story, for it could be finished in several ways. The most normal way would be to have two large bedrooms and a hall. However, the house is entirely complete for a small family as shown on the first floor plan. The second story could be for a big storage room or could be finished the first year or later to suit the convenience of the owner.

Some people might wish to make a children's playroom of the second floor space. Others would prefer to devote it to one large attic with plenty of closets where out of season clothes could be stored. Never a house yet had more storage room than a housekeeper really wanted. However, this floor is capable of many adjustments.

ABIGAIL STONE'S INDEPENDENCE

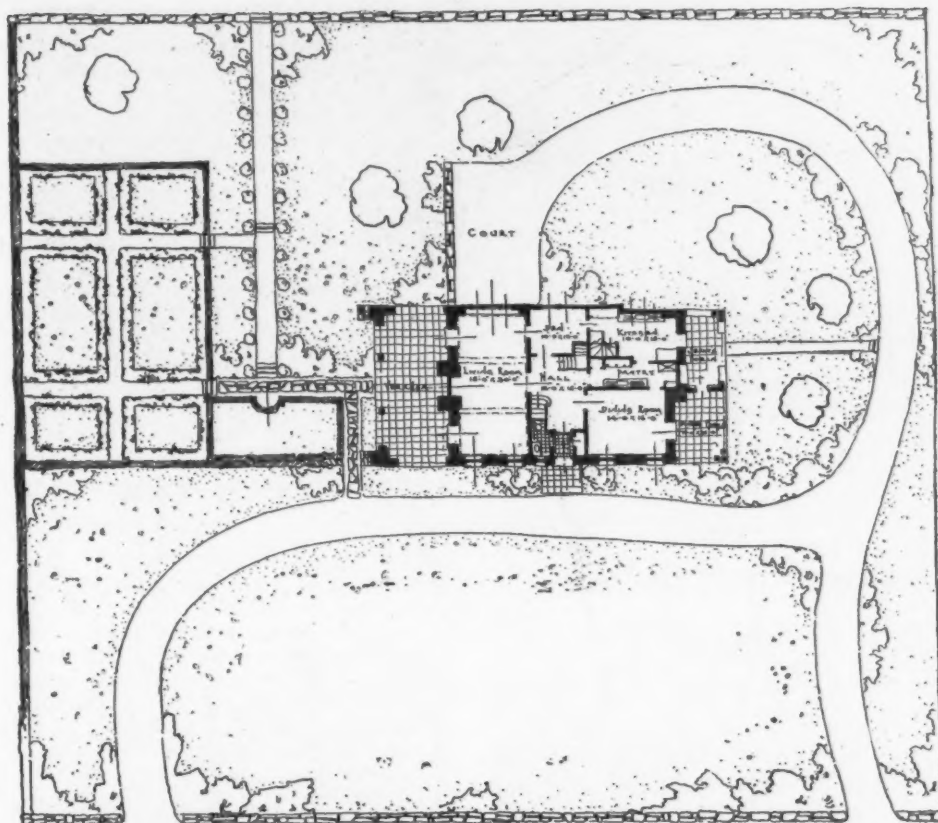
(Continued from page 140)

care for the voice of gossip or the conventional scheme of things which would drag her down to the bitter, soul-searing dependence of charity. She could be *herself*, that God-given privilege of which the world had sought to rob her.

Abigail lifted her rugged old face to the west. The sun was setting. She stood straight and tall and strong. A stiff breeze caught at her heavy skirt. She was Victory.

"I should laugh if I couldn't keep a roof over my head!" she cried to the glowing sky; "I should laugh if I couldn't!"

"THE QUALITY HOUSE"



THE QUALITY HOUSE

(Continued from page 153.)

design of the posts, that is, pinned together. The agent's quarters occupy the second story.

The work of the architects, Caretto and Forster, is not considered complete with the designing of the house, for with them the planting around it is of momentous importance. Their work is therefore in a way three-fold, for it includes the designing of the house, the laying out of gardens and the supervising of the actual building and planting. In the three house and garden plans we are showing with this article a fair estimate of their results may be obtained.

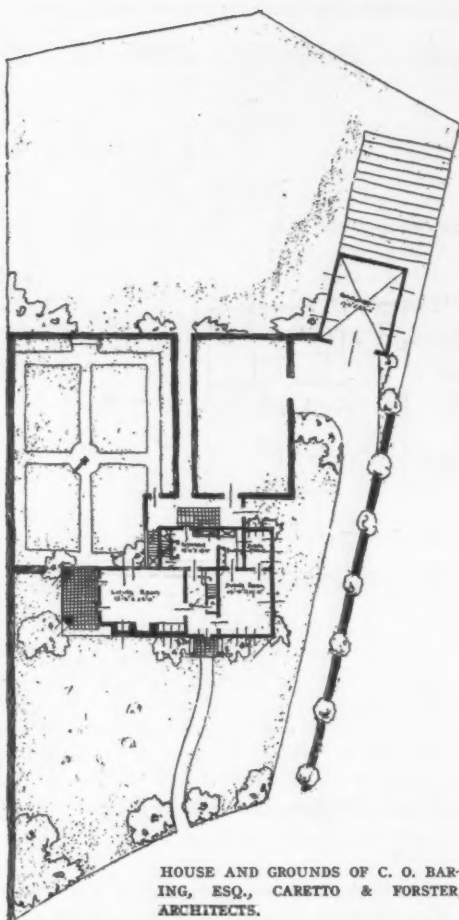
In the V. E. Minich estate the driveway sweeps up and across the crest of the low hill in a graceful line, then down to the back of the house so that the car may reach the garage which is beneath the living room. The lawn is not cut up with

HOUSE AND GARDEN PLAN OF THE V. E. MINICH ESTATE.

meaningless flower beds, but left to form the effective masses without which any large plot of ground would appear petty. The flowers are massed in borders, the edge of the grounds, and the corners made by the curves of the drive. They are also planted generously about the foundation of the house. Formal beds for flowers intended to be picked for use in the house, and also the vegetable gardens, are laid together in a division by themselves. In this way they have kept masses and details in effective relation and have created a situation and formed pictures both from the house windows looking down upon it, and from outside of the estate looking toward it.

The same laws of landscape architecture have been followed out in the C. O. Baring home, though the working out of the laws are quite different—that is broad

"THE QUALITY HOUSE"



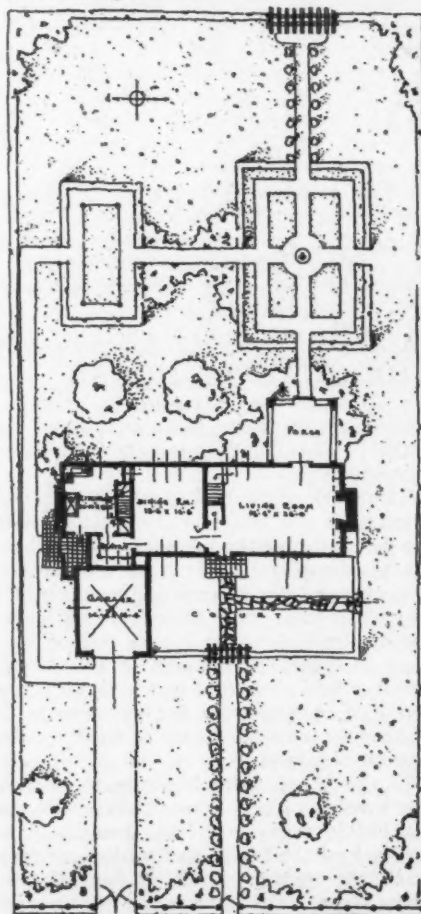
masses of lawn and condensed plantings of flowers. Informal grace at the front of the house, and stately formality at the back.

A more formal plan has been carried out in the H. W. Crow homestead. Here we have symmetrical roadways leading straight from the street, one to the garage which is an integral part of the house, the other between an avenue of shrubs to the terrace which forms the angle between the main house and the garage and serves as an outdoor living room. At the back of the house is the porch, banked with flowers from which a path leads to the formal garden, drying grounds, vegetable gardens, etc.

Thus the quality of color and texture of a house for which their work is distinguished is augmented by an equally sure

and effective coloring and form in the gardens. Flower color and house color, therefore, never clash—one offsets the beauty of the other; neither is complete without the other—in one place simple masses, in the other delightful details.

Houses nowadays must be designed with thought for their setting. The architect's drawings of the house may be a charming and altogether satisfying thing to look at, but unless its actual setting is properly considered the result will be disappointing. It must be considered in relation to the whole plot of ground, else its beauty is marred. Like a good picture its full beauty is not brought out unless properly displayed. The choice of tall trees or short ones as a frame is of extreme importance.



THE H. W. CROW ESTATE AT GEDNEY FARMS, N. Y.

POPULAR CRAFT EXHIBITS AT OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

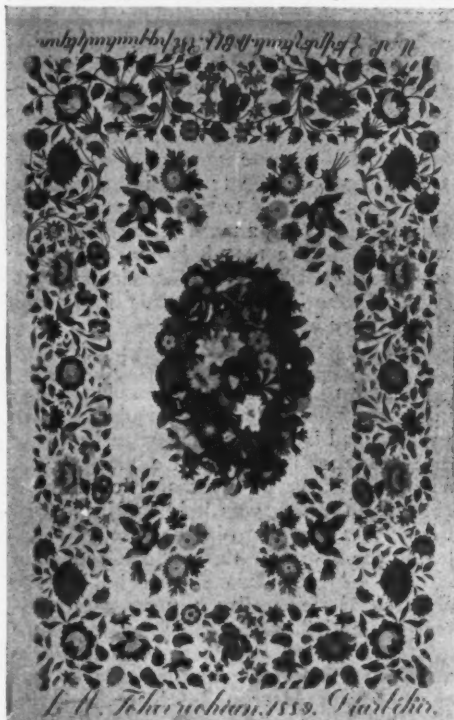


CRAFTS FROM THE HOMELANDS: BY MERTICE MacC. BUCK

AS a part of the Exhibition of New Jersey Textiles held in the public Library Building in Newark by the Museum Association in February and March, 1916, there were shown many interesting examples of weaving, knitting and lace work brought by the foreign parents of the public schoolchildren from their home countries. The children in their turn, brought them to their schools as a possible loan to the Textile Exhibition. Assembled together and displayed to advantage these household treasures made a "Homelands Exhibit" arousing the respect and admiration of every visitor to the exhibition. The human touch was given by a demonstration of the methods of textile work by old country workers, a Greek woman spinning wool on a primitive spindle, carding each thread to prepare it for spinning; a German spinning in a more advanced fashion on a flax wheel; an Italian girl making bobbin lace in a pillow, and weavers working on two primitive looms, one a Colonial affair of massive timbers used for more than fifty years to weave a family's linen towels and sheets and the linsey woolsey and flannel for clothing from home-produced flax and wool; the other a *basse lisse* or horizontal tapestry-loom similar to those in use in the Gobelins works on which a French weaver was making beautiful woven pictures.

It may incidentally be noted that sev-

NORWEGIAN TOWEL IN RED AND WHITE SHOWN IN THE "POPULAR CRAFT EXHIBIT" AT NEWARK, N. J. eral other hand looms were in use, and a power-driven Jacquard silk loom with accompanying charts to show the principles of the mechanism, the value of which Jacquard made so many sacrifices



ARMENIAN TABLE COVER OF WHITE LINEN WITH GAILY COLORED INSETS.

POPULAR CRAFT EXHIBITS AT OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS



ITALIAN HAND KNIT HOSE SHOWN IN THE NEWARK HOME-CRAFT EXHIBIT.

to demonstrate. There was also a knitting machine making the tubular stocking used in the making of sweaters, and examples of finished products of 66 firms—representing every type of textile, from Turkish towels to felt hats, and from spool-cotton to silk dyeing (allied processes necessary to the finished products being included in the exhibition). One fourth of the wage earners of the State are engaged in the textile industries, so that the subject of textiles is particularly suitable. In 1915 an exhibition of pottery was held, and in 1917 it is hoped that the series will include either leather or jewelry work, both of which are important New Jersey industries.

PLAN FOR COLLECTING EXHIBITS.

The plan by which the Homelands Exhibit was collected was somewhat similar to that used by the John Herron Institute of Indianapolis in a recent exhibition. A smaller but very successful exhibit of Homeland Work was held in New York City a few years ago in the foreign quarter, in the Social Settlement of Greenwich House. Articles were brought by the children of the locality, a most cosmopolitan one, and they and their mothers were invited to view the collection, particularly notable for its good examples of lace. But at the John Herron Institute and the Newark Museum it was necessary to cover so much larger a field that a sys-

tematic plan had to be adopted. In Newark the principal of each of twenty schools in the foreign quarters was asked to cooperate with the Museum. The children were invited by the principal to bring specimens of weaving, etc., done in Europe. From these collections a museum assistant selected the most suitable, after they had been viewed by the parents and children. This selection was taken to the museum in the Public Library Building, and the most beautiful



GERMAN SAMPLER, WEAVING DESIGNS WORKED OUT IN NEEDLEWORK.

POPULAR CRAFT EXHIBITS AT OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

RUSSIAN HAND-
WOVEN TOWELS:
THE MOTTO ON
THE TOWEL AT
THE LEFT IS,
"THE BIRD IS
SINGING AND
NATHALIE IS
COQUETTING
WITH PETER."



and typical objects were chosen with due regard to their adaptability to the display rooms, the number of articles from each country, the craftsmanship, etc. It is to this extreme care that the merit of the exhibition is due. The rooms were well lighted with softly tinted walls and well spaced panels, and the glass cases were large and accessible from three sides. As the exhibit extended around the walls of a large hall, the center of which was an open court, the larger pieces on the walls showed effectively across a great space. But even with these advantages, the museum attendants must have spent many hours in arranging and rearranging the exhibits so as to get the best results before the final sparkling effect was obtained. Each bit of color showed its full value, each garment hung so as to show its cut as well as to show its weave and decoration. Everything was either under glass or carefully fastened to the wall in a way to insure protection from careless fingers. It is evident that it is as necessary to study each piece displayed as it is to study each picture in an exhibition before hanging it. The same care was used in the Colonial Exhibit, coverlids being used as panels, the samplers in long rows to form a frieze and small pieces of lace and embroidery placed in a glass case.

Each child who had contributed to the Homelands Exhibit was thanked as follows: "Thank you for bringing from your home to your school something that you and your parents thought would help to

make the Homelands Exhibit a success. You helped to make the Homelands Collection one of the most interesting parts of the Textile Exhibit. We are glad that your people came from your country to ours. Newark Museum Association, John Cotton Dana, Director, March 20, 1916."

THE VISITORS.

After the exhibition was opened the visitors were, so far as possible, personally conducted by guides or docents. The club women who had already generously loaned their heirlooms for the Colonial Exhibit, helped the museum assistants. As 47,000 visitors attended the exhibition and 6,000 were personally conducted, it was well that the plan was prearranged. The trained guides belonging to the museum were aided by the Museum Committee of the Contemporary Club. The members of the club who helped as guides or docents were trained in advance, and worked on a schedule made out by the Museum Committee. This preliminary training given by the museum assistants covered primitive weaving, bark mats, etc.—the work of the Indians resident in New Jersey when the white men came being included, and the basic materials, flax, cotton, silk and wool were shown by charts which showed views of magnified fibers as well as specimens.

The child visitors and many of the adults lingered long in the demonstration room where the actual processes were going on. A very large number of public

POPULAR CRAFT EXHIBITS AT OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS



ROUMANIAN CHILD'S BLOUSE WORKED IN CARNATION DESIGN.

schoolchildren were guided through the exhibit, eight or ten classes a day up to twenty classes being there taught. There were also many special classes such as those for the deaf and dumb, the blind, etc., and also adult students from Teachers' College, Pratt Institute, etc.

Many night-school classes attended, and a large group including the superintendent and thirty workers from the Gould Embroidery Works. One thousand department store clerks were also taken through in groups. Among the most interesting and interested visitors were foreigners learning English in the night schools. A Russian translated with evident pride the mottoes embroidered on some towels from his own country. A Greek student was so fascinated with some statuettes and replicas of Greek vases that he hardly looked at a beautiful Greek headdress of delicately colored silk. Many of the foreign born visitors were factory hands, limited to one industry and knowing little of anything but their own small past.

Such workers on coming to America often become indifferent to, or contemptuous of, the laborious handicrafts of their own childhood homes. Those who retain a respect for the value of handwork are often looked down upon by their American-born children. This is especially true in regard to the women who, confined

closely to their homes, cling to their old traditions. Weaving being unfeasible they spend hours in knitting stockings, crocheting coarse lace and making bobbin lace. Italian women especially grow middle aged so soon, becoming more and more sedentary in their habits, that their daughters look down on them. It is to be hoped that some of the pretty Italian misses who buy their sleazy white "silk" stockings at what they call the "five and ten" will see the handsome glass case given over to a display of several pairs of coarse, home-knit hosiery, elaborate in design, if inelegant in shape.

We talk a great deal in this country about the melting pot, but may there not be the danger of heating the pot too rapidly and letting something valuable be consumed? These hyphenates, as we are so fond of calling them, brought with them much worth transplanting, first a love of simple home life, in fact, a patriarchal life of which their embroidered wedding blouses and homespun towels are emblems. We believe these should be encouraged to a full appreciation of the craft work of their own land.



RUSSIAN BLOUSE OF FINE HAND-WOVEN LINEN, EMBROIDERED IN RED BUTTERFLIES.

LABOR MUSEUM AT HULL HOUSE.

Several years ago the writer had the pleasure of visiting the Labor Museum at Hull House, Chicago, in which elderly foreign women work together happily, spinning on spindles and wheels of many varieties, and weaving on all kinds of hand looms. These women of many nationalities—one from Syria—were so

LECTURES ON MODERN ART

deeply interested in their common element that they made a great impression on the writer. Her visit to them was described in *The Craftsman* soon after. Such a workshop is a real melting pot, work is the glowing flame which fuses the dissimilar elements.

The Homelands Exhibit not only makes children of foreign parentage respect their own parents and the countries from which they came, but it impresses Americans as well. The articles exhibited are all so well made as to command attention. Among the photographs illustrating this article is one of a large table cover made in Armenia, in which the design consists of insets of felt-like cloth set into a cream colored ground. The whole cover lies perfectly smooth, so cleverly have these insertions been made. The color has an almost gemlike brilliancy across the hall. The photographs of garments show the beauty of design, but not the vivid color, nor the exquisite texture of the linen on which they are made.

One of the interesting exhibits brought by schoolchildren consisted of two Hebrew prayer bags decorated with the Gates of Jerusalem. With these were displayed a larger bag for matzoth or unleavened bread. These are all Russian. A red and white Norwegian towel represented another type of weaving from that used in other countries. The Russian towels bear quaint legends. One says on one end "Wash yourself clean" and on the other "Rub yourself dry." A very quaint design showing bears trying to play musical instruments had this motto, from a fable by Kislow probably based on Montaigne—"Ah, friends, no matter how you act you won't make musicians."

The one thing in all the handwork exhibited, European and Colonial, which strikes the observer is that the worker seems to have enjoyed the doing. The coverlids which required so many months' preparation of materials before the linen warp and the woolen weft were ready would have been just as useful for blankets without any pattern woven in. The director of the museum chose wisely in devoting so much space to hand-woven textiles, for these exhibits convinced every visitor of the dignity of handiwork, and formed an essential part of the whole exhibition, because in them processes

were evident, as well as complete productions.

In June, 1916, there was held in Newark a celebration of the 250th anniversary of the founding of the city. Mr. John Cotton Dana, the director of the museum, hopes that the Homelands Exhibit idea will be developed so as to take in European productions other than textiles, and provide an opportunity for folklore, dances and other characteristic features of interesting and picturesque foreign existence to be brought out.

APPRECIATION OF MODERN ART

THE College of the City of New York is offering a course of thirty lectures on the "Appreciation of Modern Art," by Louis Weinberg, member of the art department and well known lecturer and writer on art subjects. These lectures are given in the Main Building of the City College on Monday afternoons at 4.15. Interested laymen and teachers can enroll for this series of free lectures by applying to Professor Paul Klapper, secretary of the extension division of the City College. The lectures are all illustrated with stereopticon slides of famous paintings—many of them to be found in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

There will be ten lectures on the older masters as introduction to a series on the art of the nineteenth century. Beginning with the work of Giotto, the course of painting will be traced from the masterpieces of the Italian Renaissance through the art of Durer and Holbein in Germany, Velasquez in Spain, to the art of Flanders in the seventeenth century, and that of France and England in the eighteenth century. In the art of the nineteenth century, the development of style, the rapid sequence of the new schools—Classical, Romantic, Realist, Historical, pre-Raphaelite, Impressionist, post-Impressionist and Futurist—will be considered both as to their principle and practice. It will be the object of the course to help explain the technical and aesthetic aspects of painting, and to aid toward its appreciation as a parallel expression along with the other arts of the life and character of the periods which produced them.

WOODLAND CLIFF-DWELLERS.



WOODLAND CLIFF-DWELLERS: BY ALBERT MARPLE

A MODERN CLIFF-DWELLER'S HOME PERCHED UPON A HILL IN LOS ANGELES COUNTY, CAL.

steep slope like great hawks, hovering wings outspread, ready for flight.

More fascinating homes would be hard to find than these tiny cabins. No architectural uniformity of style is anywhere to be discovered. Individuality, open and naïve as any child, characterizes each and every one of them. Architectural precedence troubled not the builder's mind; each little house or summer camp was made to suit its owner's fancy, very often by his or her own inexperienced but courageous hands.

AMERICA'S first cliff-dwellers burrowing beneath the overhanging red and brown ledges of the *Mesa Verde*, created what are recognized among all architects as perhaps the best examples of protective habitation ever devised. Cedar and pinyon trees, chaparral and sage so fringed their doorways and dappled their walls with confusing play of light and shade that the sharp eyes of their searching enemies failed to discover them.

Different, indeed, is the procedure of our modern cliff dwellers with houses perched upon the chaparral and eucalyptus covered hills that girdle the city of Los Angeles, California. Instead of excavating caves between the furrows of the earth and dwelling therein in inconspicuous security, these modern cliff-dwellers erect their homes in what seems like exceedingly perilous, certainly a most conspicuous fashion, upon the surface of the ground. No effort at concealment by protective coloring or form is in evidence in these modern homes. Instead they jut out from the ground like huge boulders. They stand boldly up upon stilts, looking not unlike giant cranes feeding in the grass. Or else they cling lightly to the

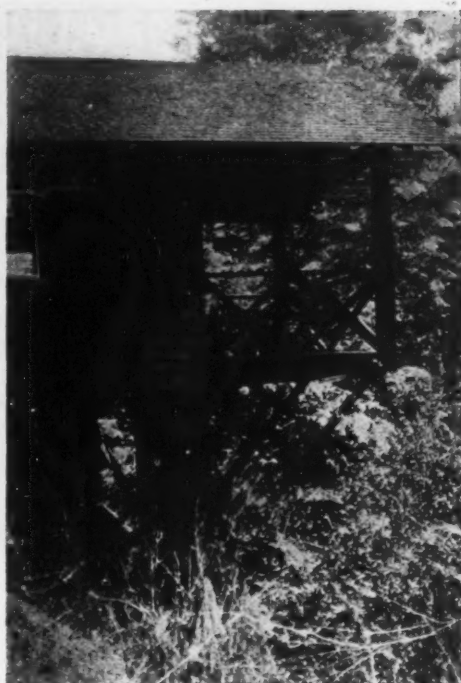
Building one's own home is not only a dreamy ideal with many Californians, but a fact joyously materialized by the work of their hands and by stern denial of luxuries until the small amount needed for the lumber has been saved. Often we find some home-lover has built but the platform, or we may say the first floor of the home; upon this they erected a tent until such time as they could get enough lumber to put up the side walls and roof. Nearly every one, no matter how poor, is able to have some place they call home, out in California, because living conditions are favorable and building material inexpensive. There are many, many hills all through that romantic State that are too steep for orange and olive groves, but just exactly right for building upon. Hill-sides have ever been favorite building

WOODLAND CLIFF-DWELLERS.

sites for homes, from palaces to tiniest cabins, for mankind likes to look far away over valleys, likes to see the sun rise and set over native lands, does not like to be shut out from broad spaces. People like to live upon "the little hill above the sea," "In a free air, and near a garden."

Nowhere in the world, perhaps, do so many men turn their backs upon city offices at five o'clock in the afternoon, read their papers in the comfort of a flying car until it reaches the foot of their own particular hill, then mount with springing step the sharp, steep climb to their homes, as in California. But with every step the cares of the day fall away from them. Thousands of men willingly make the physical effort required to climb the steep trails to their own home aerie for the joy of the vision from the top, the freshness and vigor of the air which blows only around the high places.

We are showing a group of charming little houses clinging to the steep slope of a hill near Los Angeles—all inexpensive, all interesting, and all the headquarters of health and happiness. Even though they are thrust boldly out from the face of the hill nature has succeeded in drawing them into her own realm somewhat by quick growth of grasses, wild flowers, shrubs and trees. Many times such little



LIKE A NEST IN THE TREES IS THIS HILLSIDE HOUSE.

houses are built of redwood which is the easiest lumber to get and also the cheap-



HIGH IN THE AIR IS THIS CLIFF-DWELLER'S HOUSE: APPARENTLY DISREGARDING LAWS OF SECURITY, IT NEVERTHELESS STANDS FIRMLY.

WOODLAND CLIFF-DWELLERS.



est in that portion of our country, and then left to be weathered by the rains and suns. In one season the rawness of freshly sawed lumber becomes mellowed, and the little houses gain the protective coloring that man did not trouble himself to give them.

The first little house is approached by a trail that looks as though worn by footsteps, instead of being formally and stiffly dug out of the ground. Wild flowers and grasses overhang it. Wild vines climb over the rustic pergola made from the saplings that had been cut down to make room for the house. Doubtless the front of this house is practically one window (for that is so often the case in California), from which the widest possible view of the valley below may be obtained. The lower portion of the house is used for a store room. Doubtless such a house costs but a few hundred dollars, and was built by people who hunger for the balsamic-laden air and sweet perfume of sun-steeped hills. Such a home could be had for less than a year's rent in some stifling apartment house affording only a view of sooty brick walls.

Another house, less picturesquely fringed with grasses, perhaps because newer, looks as though it had been built in the branches of an eucalyptus tree, for it is almost as tall and willowy as the one beside it. Strangers might perhaps think

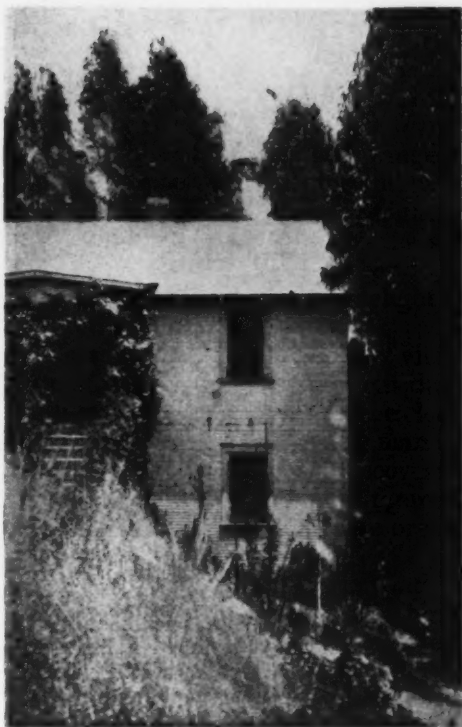
SIMPLE AND INEXPENSIVE HOUSE OF REDWOOD THAT NEVERTHELESS HOLDS A FULL AMOUNT OF JOY, FOR THE HOUSE WINDOWS ARE WIDE OPEN TO THE BEAUTY OF FAR AWAY VALLEYS.

such houses on stilts dangerous, but somehow they never slip or fly away, as one might be excused for fearing.

Still another house shows a side porch, firmly braced, thrust into the topmost branches of trees. How secluded and delightful such outdoor living and sleeping must be! One of the houses, more pretentious in design, has the foundation enclosed. Sometimes a three story house will have an entrance from each floor into the garden. No garden is more effective than when terraced in some such way.

In building houses upon steep slopes drainage becomes an important consideration. Some precaution must be made for the heavy rains that might perhaps undermine the house and cut away the foundation. This is easily managed by digging a drain on the upper slope of the ground, thus leading the rush of water away safely. Or the hill could be leveled and the soil and rocks taken from the excavation pulled forward to make a firm foothold. There are always rocks or trees that can be utilized in constructing embankments. Vines planted above will trail down like lovely water-falls. Houses must be designed so that the chimneys will come on the upper side, else the base of the chimney will be very expensive.

SAVING OUR PINE TREES



A MORE AMBITIOUS CLIFF-DWELLER'S HOUSE THAT TAKES THOUGHT FOR A FIRM FOUNDATION.

There is always a rare opportunity for a picturesque entrance when houses are built upon the side of a hill. Any similarity of paths is practically impossible. Of course, mere regularity could be achieved, but somehow the tendency is always toward a more sinuous grace of line. It would seem as though people who choose to build their homes upon a hill were of the type preferring naturalness. Such people seem to have an instinct for building a house as if it were one with the hill, taking advantage of existing boulders, fitting the house over and around any inequalities in a natural manner. We have seen little houses pushed up against a huge boulder in such a way that the chimney was practically a continuation of the boulder, with little rocks fitted into its crevices or cemented upon it in such a way that the whole chimney seemed to have been left there by some process of nature. There is at all times a greater chance for individuality on a hillside situation than on any plain or valley.

SAVING OUR PINE TREES

THE White Pine Blister Rust threatens the destruction of pines in the United States valued at \$260,000,000. The American Forestry Association is fighting the spread of this disease.

Declaring that white pines valued at \$261,000,000 are threatened with destruction by the white pine blister rust, the American Forestry Association, of this city, today sent a warning broadcast throughout the United States and Canada urging that every precaution be taken to prevent the spread of the disease, which has already found a secure foothold in New England and other eastern states, and in Canada.

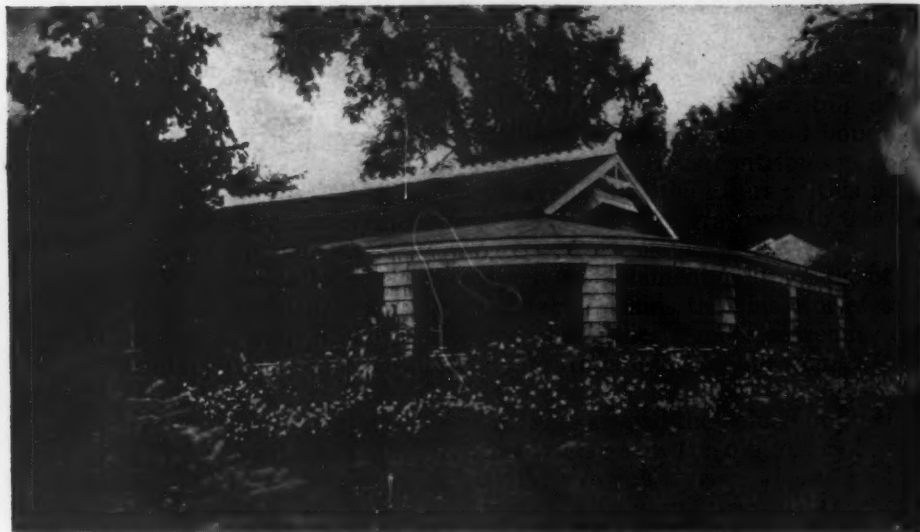
The disease is already progressing in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Minnesota and in the provinces of Ontario and Quebec in Canada.

New York and Wisconsin have established a rigid quarantine, and various state agricultural boards have urged that no infected white pines, or currant and gooseberry bushes be shipped; that infected bushes and infected pines be destroyed, and in some cases that there shall be no shipment from state to state of white pine seedlings, gooseberry or currant bushes whether they are known to be infected or not. There is no known cure for the disease. It kills the white pines infected and it spreads steadily. The spores or seeds of the disease are blown from diseased pines to currant and gooseberry bushes. They germinate on the leaves of these bushes. These leaves then produce millions of spores or seeds of the disease which are carried by the winds from the bushes to the pines, and trees are infected, become diseased and die.

The white pines in New England are worth \$75,000,000; in the Lake States, \$96,000,000; in the Western States, \$60,000,000, and in the National Forests, \$30,000,000, or a total of \$261,000,000.

The American Forestry Association urges people in all the sections where the disease has been discovered to destroy currant and gooseberry bushes, diseased pines and those exposed to infection. This will help to stop the spread of the disease.

DEVELOPING A HOME



DEVELOPING A HOME: "HERE A LITTLE, THERE A LITTLE": BY ESTHER A. COSSE

HOME hunger has become so profound these last few years that the need of moderate or low priced houses or bungalows has become a matter of importance for a great many people. What discourages a couple of moderate or small means is to examine the plans of a bungalow and after deciding they like it very much find that the cost runs into the thousands, entirely beyond their ability to pay. For such people a variety of low priced bungalow designs would be a boon. Home builders should be encouraged. They add to the stability of the community, and the way to encourage them is to offer them plans which they can afford to use.

If I speak in the first person it is because I want to make my story seem all the more real. I want to make other home makers understand how a moderate priced bungalow can be built and I want to lay a special emphasis upon this important matter of low cost.

I had a portable house which I placed upon a lot some distance from the more traveled road because I wanted it merely for a summer home, and desired seclusion. Later it developed into a more permanent abiding place, though this was

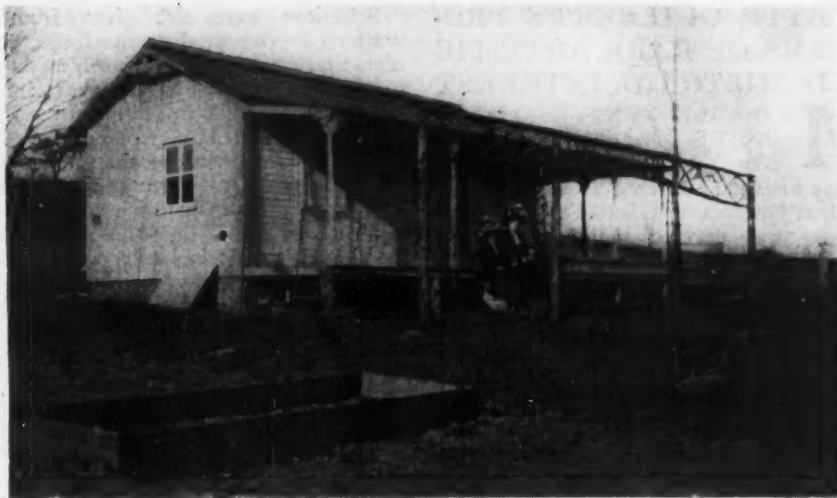
THE WIDE DINING AND LIVING PORCH BUILT AROUND THE PORTABLE BUNGALOW.

not intended at first. However, I am not displeased at the turn of events, only perhaps I would have planned a little differently in the beginning if the venture had promised to be a year round abiding place. Often little ventures develop in unexpected directions even as mine did. Still the end has been so much pleasanter than the beginning that I have only enthusiasm and I will undertake to express what it has meant to me. The portable house cost \$300 erected. It had but two rooms, but I built a third, on the rear, that cost less than another \$100. It is not possible to give exact figures of the cost, for much of the work was done by ourselves, and probably a good many would not count that at all.

At first the bungalow was amply large, for there were but two of us, and some of my happiest days were passed in this wee home. Later an old lady was added to the family and a little girl.

The following summer we added the broad dining porch shown in the photograph, which extends around two sides of the house. It is screened to save annoyance from insects. It could be enclosed with windows in the winter, and thus would serve as an admirable sun-parlor. Perhaps we will do this next, though we have other plans for an extension and our money may go for that first. Perhaps it is only another curious phase

DEVELOPING A HOME



THE PORTABLE HOUSE BEFORE IT HAD BEEN DEVELOPED INTO A HOME.

of human nature, but I must admit that this growing house which somehow seems to expand at just the right time to meet our requirements is one of the most delightful phases of home making. Whatever joys belong to the home, sacrificing one thing to obtain another, is ours in this development of a house.

Back of the house is a little room built especially for our one bit of extravagance. We have an artesian well over 100 feet deep, and last season we put in a pump operated by a gasoline engine, so with the addition of a suitably located tank we were able to have a bathroom with hot and cold water and a laundry with set tubs. Our home was then quite equal to a city house in conveniences.

We now have a comfortable home and up to the present the cost has been but \$950, nor has this been paid out all at once. Quite the contrary. The expenditure has been carried over several years, adding a little here and there as seemed necessary, and as our means warranted. The various items figure about like this:

Foundation, including excavation	\$120
Masonry	225
Carpentry, including lumber	450
Hardware	20
Painting	75
Plumbing	25
Total	\$915

The masonry, including not only the laying of such stones as required for the foundation by the carting of the material

and what is described as three coat plastering—in that is included the lathing. In some localities these figures would vary, in one running higher and in another lower. Probably where lumber was low, the total cost would be as low as \$800. In a region where lumber was high it might exceed the \$900, but what is here given is as near the actual cost aside from the pump and engine as it is possible to give.

The house as it stands is severely plain, but we have sought to overcome this objection, if it is one, by surrounding it with vines and all sorts of old-fashioned flowers. Further than that we have brought from the woods and fields a great variety of marvelously beautiful wild flowers, and have succeeded so well in not damaging them that they thrive as well as in their native haunts.

There are, of course, numerous ways to make home surroundings beautiful. We chose this one. We have planted trees about the grounds which later will furnish abundant and grateful shade and flowering shrubs yield their fragrant blossoms all the season.

This reminds me of one little personal touch which may interest. The large window in the south of the living room is a casement set with 5x7 glass, all old negatives washed clean after they had fitted the amateur photographer's longing to imprison some of the beauty he had found around him.

ART NOTES AND BOOK REVIEWS

YVETTE GUILBERT'S PROGRAMS OF RARE ARTISTIC AND HISTORIC INTEREST

MADAME YVETTE GUILBERT'S first appearance in New York this season took place Friday afternoon, three o'clock, November third, at the Maxine Elliott Theatre. This matinee was devoted to French art in the Middle Ages. Madame Guilbert, with the assistance of Professor Beck of Bryn Mawr, gave to her audience veritable jewels of literature in the original words and music gathered from old manuscripts.

Professor Beck, who delivered the introductory address in English with explanations of the songs, is recognized as the greatest living authority on the subject of music in ancient manuscript form. He possesses photographs of 20,000 pages of the most valuable manuscripts extant of the earliest music. There are but four men today who like Professor Beck are able to read these old manuscripts as readily as modern music. Before coming to Bryn Mawr, Professor Beck lectured at the Sorbonne and the Collège de France, where the most eminent savants from all over the world are called.

The audience attending this recital have had the unique privilege of hearing from original manuscripts the music and poetry of the jongleurs, trouvère minstrels of the 12th and 13th centuries as expressed in the literature covered during that time: 1, Litterature des Clercs; 2, Jongleurs—menestrels; 3, Litterature Courtoise.

The sculptors of the Middle Ages drew their inspiration for the grotesque personages and masks carved on the oldest cathedrals from the picturesque dances of their contemporary jongleurs. With the aid of reproductions of the sculptures Madame Yvette Guilbert has reconstructed a Dance of those Jongleurs, the musical theme for which has been taken from the manuscript collection of Professor Beck. Isabeau, a currethmic mime, pupil of Madame Guilbert, will make her début in this dance. Among the other *raretés* included in the program will be a "Mystic Episode" which was performed during the mass by priests in the 13th century.

Selections were also given from the works of celebrated troubadours, jongleurs and clerks—Colin Muset, most popular among minstrels of the 13th century; Jacques Damien, 13th century, of his time the greatest satirist of women; the Monk of Montaudon, who became a trouvère and who was also bitter against women, singing of them in his own compositions, and a "*Jeu-Parti*," a philosophic discussion by Adam de la Halle, 13th century, composer of the first *opéra comique*.

A curious entertainment, this, for those who seek amusement, embodying as it does in Madame Guilbert's own words, "songs, the dance, pantomime and recitations bequeathed to us by a superb civilization, an edifice erected to the glorification of France, descending to us from those who laid the first stones of those superb monuments of literature and music." One has only to present to the public such treasures of art to win the keenest appreciation.

PROGRAMME: Maxine Elliott Theatre, Friday, November third, 3 o'clock, L'Art Français au Moyen Age, presented by Madame Yvette Guilbert and Professor Jean Beck of Bryn Mawr.

Dances Mimées by Isabeau.

Gustave Ferrari at the piano, assisted by harp, harmonium and violin.

1. Introductory Address: "L'Art Français au Moyen Age" (French Art in the Middle Ages).

PROFESSOR BECK.

2. Chansons "de toile"—XII Siècle—auteurs inconnus (Chants sung by noble women of the Middle Ages when engaged in needle work).

a Belle Doëtte (a Beautiful Doëtte).

b Belle Isabeau (b Beautiful Isabeau, XII Century, authors unknown).

YVETTE GUILBERT.

3. Dance des Jongleurs—XIII Siècle—reconstructed by Madame Yvette Guilbert.

Estampida grotesque; music from the old manuscript collection of Professor Beck.

YVETTE GUILBERT.

4. Litterature des Clercs pour le Peuple—XIII Siècle (Literature of the Clerks for the People).

a Lai pieu (a Religious Chant).

b Marie Madelaine et le Berger—X Siècle (b Mary Magdalen and the Shepherd).

YVETTE GUILBERT.

c Mystère Mimé (L'Annonciation) (c Mystery without words enacted during mass. The Annunciation.)

YVETTE GUILBERT and ISABEAU.

5. Litterature des Clercs pour les Savants—XIII Siècle (Literature of the Clerks for Students and Savants).

ART NOTES AND BOOK REVIEWS

a Le moine de Montaudon: L'ennui (a) The Monk of Montaudon.

b Jacques Damiens: Le blâme des femmes —Complaints (b) Jacques Damiens: Satire on women.

YVETTE GUILBERT.

6. Litterature des Menestrels et Jongleurs XIII Siècle (Literature of the Minstrels and Jongleurs).

(a) Adam de la Halle: Un "Jeu-Parti" entre Bretel et Adam de la Halle: A Philosophic Discussion between Bretel and Adam de la Halle.

Juges: Sire Audefroy, Sire Dragon (Judges: Sire Audefroy, Sire Dragon).

Subject: "Is it better to drain the cup of love at a single draught or to prolong its joys by sipping it in moderation?"

(b) Colin Muset: (Trouvère) Sa vie (en chansons et musique écrites par lui)—(b) Colin Muset: (Trouvère) His life in songs and music written by himself.

YVETTE GUILBERT.

7. Litterature Courtoise—XIII Siècle (Literature of Elegance).

Reverdis — Chansons anonymes ("Green-eries")—Anonymous Songs of Spring Written for the Nobility of the Middle Ages.

YVETTE GUILBERT.

Note: Madame Guilbert has been assisted in compiling this program by Professor John Beck, of Bryn Mawr. Professor Beck is the greatest authority to-day on ancient manuscript music. His collection includes photographs of 20,000 pages of the most valuable manuscripts of the earliest music.

Maxine Elliott Theatre—Sunday, November fifth, at 8.30—Madame Yvette Guilbert, assisted by Mr. Clayton Hamilton.

Songs of the Brave Soldiers of France from the Time of Jeanne d'Arc to the Present Day. Harmonization of the old musical themes by M. Gustave Ferrari. M. Ferrari at the piano.

PROGRAMME.

1. Introductory Address: The Heroes of France (Mr. Clayton Hamilton).

2. XV Siècle—Epoque de Jeanne d'Arc avant sa mission (XV Century Period, Jeanne d'Arc before her mission).

Chansons (Songs):

a Réveillez vous Picards (a Awaken Picards)

b Gentils galants aventureux (b Charming, adventurous gallants).

3. XVI Siècle—Epoque du Roy François Ier, 1590 (XVI Century Period, King François I).

a La ballade comique du Franc-archer (a The amusing ballad of the Franc Archer).

Epoque du Roy Henri IV surnommé "Le Vert Gallant" (Period King Henri IV, nicknamed "The Eternal Gallant").

b Vive Henri IV, Vive Ce Roy Vaillant! (b Long Live Henri IV, Long Live the Valiant King!).

(Chanson du temps des Huguenots), 1562 (Song time of the Huguenots), 1562.

4. XVII Siècle—Epoque du grand "Roy Soleil," Louis XIV, créateur de Versailles (XVII Century Period of the great "Sun King," Louis XIV, creator of Versailles).

Deux chansons des armées de mer (Two Songs of the Armies of the Sea).

a Sauté Blonde (a Jump into my boat, my blond).

b Votre Cotillon (b Your petticoat, Ladies).

5. XVIII Siècle—Epoque du Roy Louis XVI (XVIII Century, Period King Louis XVI). (La Revolution Française), 1793 (The French Revolution), 1793.

a Le Chant du depart (du poete André Chenier, music de Méhul) (a The Song of Departure, words by the poet André Chenier, music by Méhul).

b Joli tambour (b Pretty Drummer).

c Rosette (c Rosette).

d Auprès de ma blonde (d Beside my Blond).

e Marlborough s'en va t'en guerre (c Marlborough going to the war).

6. XIX Siècle—Epoque de Napoleon Ier, 1808 (XIX Century Period Napoleon I, 1808).

a Chanson des grenadiers: Chers grenadiers de France (a Song of the grenadiers: Dear grenadiers of France).

b Chanson des artilleurs: Le petit Mathieu (b Song of the Artillery: Little Matthew).

Epoque de Napoleon III, 1865 (Period Napoleon III, 1865).

c Mlle Clémence: la cantinière (c Mlle. Clémence: the vivandière).

7. XX Siècle—Vieux Refrains—des soldats de 1914 (XX Century Old Refrains of the Soldiers of 1914).

The Marseillaise (The Marseillaise).

AN EXHIBITION OF PHOTOGRAPHY

Through the efforts of the American Institute of Graphic Arts an exhibition of photographs showing the development of this art from its discovery in 1839 to the present day has recently been held at the National Arts Club, New York. This exhibition marks a significant era in the dignity of photographic art. Never has there been a time when photography has shown so poetic a feeling, so masterly a management of light and shadow, and never has this art been given such serious study by so many sincere workers. To stimulate and encourage artists to form a center for exchange of views, to publish books, to invite exhibitions of foreign works, to stimulate the public taste, and to promote higher education is the object of the American Institute of Graphic Arts of which John Clyde Oswald is president. A more extended review of this comprehensive exhibition will be given in a near issue of THE CRAFTSMAN magazine.

ART NOTES AND BOOK REVIEWS

ART EXHIBITIONS IN OCTOBER: BY M. F. R.

THE art season has opened in New York with the greatest freshness and spirit. I found exhibitions of foreign art and American art, worth while, at all the galleries we are accustomed to visiting. I found old friends doing progressive and beautiful work and new friends startling us with brilliant activities.

The most interesting showing of pictures so far is the Memorial Exhibition of works by Howard Gardiner Cushing—a wonderful series of portraits, of interiors, and of decorative panels which give one a sense of the value that this one man's work might have been to his country if we could have had such an original output of it every year. Although Mr. Cushing's work is influenced very largely by Chinese and Korean painters, there can be no doubt about the fact that this influence passed through an exceedingly interesting and curiously fluent personality.

Mr. Cushing's most interesting portraits are those of his wife, a woman of rare grace and extraordinary picturesque beauty, and in whatever pose she is painted—whether drying her glorious auburn hair in the wind, watching a most enchanting baby from a mysterious corner of a shadowy room, whether standing erect in trailing serpentine robes—always one feels the strange personality of this beautiful woman and the man's absorbing interest in the personality and in the work.

A series of over-door panels are amazingly original and decorative, as are the circular over-door panels. The technique of Mr. Cushing's work is essentially that of a decorator; even the portraits are done as though they were to ornament great spaces in cool, wide rooms. The series of drawings in color of the same little child are full of decorative feeling and yet intensely human when the child is presented—a lovely quaint baby that touches the heart with unexpected sensitiveness.

THE opening exhibition at the Montross

Galleries brings some delightful impressions of very good friends of THE CRAFTSMAN. VanDearing Perrine is shown in two sketches in his new method, canvases heavy with paint, put on with a sure instinct for color combination. At first one sees

only this rich massing of color, and then over the canvas autumn winds seem to sweep and through the winds one gathers outlines of childhood blown about gaily and beautifully. In one instance, I do not recall the name, one sees the very spirit of autumn beauty rising from a mass of rich-colored leaves to greet the spirit of childhood, and the two for the moment seem to join hands and then to be blown away to the background. It is *tour de force* in painting.

Nothing richer was seen in the entire exhibition than Gifford Beal's "Circus Day" and "Landscape." There is no new painter who is painting more freshly, more interestingly today than Gifford Beal, who must have reached middle age in years, but who will never reach it in spirit.

THE CRAFTSMAN was delighted, too, with Randall Davey's "Bagpiper." One wonders where he could have found him in America, or whether he is a memory of some European tour. There are splendid spaces of color in this and yet always needed color, not thrown in merely for decoration, and the figure is full of life and happiness and age—a rare and merry combination. I have always been vastly interested in Randall Davey's work. I like the spirit he puts into it, his sense of color, his love of people.

It was an unexpected pleasure to come across two of Eugene Higgins' paintings—those vast, somber presentations of the tragedy of poverty shown on small, square bits of canvas. Years ago THE CRAFTSMAN did an article about Mr. Higgins' work in which was expressed our interest in this man's understanding and appreciation of the great shadows that fall over terrible poverty in great cities. And Mr. Higgins does not present melodramatic poverty, nor does he use the tragedy of the sad world for propaganda work. He understands life—the sorrows, the secrets, of the poor, poor world are an open book to him. He has lived through it and gazed deeply into it, and today his work is even greater than when THE CRAFTSMAN first discovered it in New York. It is slightly reminiscent of Millet, but only because he understands the simple folk as Millet understood them and presents them so that we see their greatness, we sorrow with them and hope for them.

In delightful contrast with Higgins' work are two studies by James Preston, "Autumn Woods" and the "Beach at Bellport." Knowing the beautiful beach at Bellport

ART NOTES AND BOOK REVIEWS

well, I have often wondered why it has not appeared regularly in our autumn exhibitions. Anything lovelier than the walk from the boat landing at the great South Bay, over the yellow-gray sand to the ocean bathing beach, I cannot imagine. A worn wooden pathway, grayed by the ocean winds, bordered on both sides by brilliant green bay, in June by eglantine in blossom and morning glories, in August by blooming mallow, with figures of gay young people in sweaters of green and orange and rose and purple—this is what one sees every morning at ten through blazing sunlight or wonderful violet mists. Mr. Preston has selected the beach itself, with groups of people resting after the bath in lovely misty sunlight, with spots of fine sweater color, all painted with interest, with affection, with a full appreciation of the rare beauty of the scene.

MESSRS. KENNEDY AND COMPANY are showing an exhibition of views of old New York. Interesting paintings and etchings and quaint engravings are to be seen there, full of delight for the lovers of the city. Kennedy and Company give for their first exhibition the etchings and dry points by Dwight C. Sturges. A wide range of interest is shown in this collection, from the marshes of Essex to a New England farm.

PERHAPS the most astonishing exhibition of the season is to be found, as usual, at the Daniel Gallery. In the first room one enters there is a delightful Lawson, a rich still life by Glackens, a brilliant village by Prendergast, a new way of painting old New York by Glenn Coleman which is not all shadow, but spaces of yellow sunlight and deep red old houses—an extremely simple method of painting with an interesting vital result. As you move on into the second room of this gallery, you find the Futurist and the Cubist at their worst; perhaps one should say at their best, for the more introspective and involved and self-centered the Futurist is, the better he is pleased and the less the public understands him. I have followed this work since its inception in Paris, and am more and more amazed at the attitude of the young people who take comfort in expressing undeveloped moods and in bewildering kindly folks who go to see them. No one questions the influence of a more liberal attitude toward

color on all the art of the present day and the value of it; but why is it not possible to have a liberal feeling without an utterly disorganized expression. We are glad for the man who wants freshness, who does not want to be circumscribed, who does not want to be the imitator of nature any more than an imitator of an Old Master; but why it is essential to give poor forms and foolish irritating forms because a man is seeking to ignore form it is hard to understand. After all, you have got to express emotion through form, and you are not better off doing it stupidly than doing it so that you give the world pleasure, because a man can enjoy his own emotion without transcribing it in any way. If he transcribes it, it stands to reason he is seeking to present it to others; if he transcribes it stupidly, he is not benefiting himself or giving joy to the world.

FREDERICK KEPPEL AND COMPANY are showing an exhibition of etchings and drawings by James McBey, and Messrs. M. Knoedler and Company had an exhibition of paintings by Miss Florine Stettheimer at their galleries.

BOOK REVIEWS

SKINNER'S DRESS SUIT: BY HENRY IRVING DODGE

A MOST amusing social comedy is presented to us in Mr. Henry Irving Dodge's latest book, "Skinner's Dress Suit." It is the story of the liberation of the "cage man," and, although in this instance it means the young man in the bank, it might easily serve as a symbol of many young men of today, who are escaping manual drudgery in comparatively decent surroundings and at the same time losing imagination and human sympathies and opportunity for progress.

Skinner's success in life began through an apparent blunder. He had assured his loving wife so often of his importance to his firm, of his eminently successful work, that finally he had to ask for a raise, and, being refused, he began adding \$10 a week to his small salary from an equally small bank account, and just at this juncture his wife, stimulated by the delight of the supposed addition to his salary, began to insist upon better clothes for them, better ways of living, more social activity, in other words, a genuine campaign of "plunging." And whereas in the average story we hear of the

ART NOTES AND BOOK REVIEWS

deadly effects of this living beyond one's income, in *Skinner's* case living up to the raise that he wanted and didn't get brought him all kinds of success and happiness, all of which is told in a most simple, convincing, witty fashion.

These two young people are just everyday young folks wanting something cheerful as well as good out of life, and Mr. Dodge has found through his own experience in living, the kind of vocabulary that is at once genuine, deliciously humorous and most skillfully employed. The story is all too short and the memory is full of pleasant smiles and a real gladness for *Skinner's* good luck. (Published by Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston and New York. 165 pages. Illustrated. Price \$1.00 net.)

THE STUDIO YEAR-BOOK OF DECORATIVE ART: A REVIEW OF THE LATEST DEVELOPMENTS IN THE ARTISTIC CONSTRUCTION, DECORATION AND FURNISHING OF THE HOUSE

IN the Prefatory Note to this 1916 year book the editor draws attention to a new and important feature, namely, the unusual space devoted to the domestic architecture of Great Britain and the British colonies. It is the intention of the editor to develop this department so that each year it will include the most recent work of Canadian, Australian, New Zealand and South African architects and decorators. These have never been given the prominence they have fully deserved, and from now on a special effort will be made to do them justice. The examples chosen to represent Great Britain and its possessions are extremely interesting, both in house design and interior treatment of woodwork, wall and ceiling decoration, furniture, pottery and textiles.

A large proportion of the book is devoted to the review of the work accomplished in the United States in all departments of home building, in small as well as large houses. The book is profusely illustrated in color, line and half tones, and the lengthy and comprehensive notes add greatly to its value. A small idea of the class of sketches that make this book of interest to home builders may be gained from the few selected to illustrate the article in this same issue of *THE CRAFTSMAN*, "The Craze for the Simple House." (Published by John Lane

Company, New York. 182 pages. \$2.50 paper, \$3.00 cloth, postage extra.)

INDICATION IN ARCHITECTURAL DESIGN: BY DAVID VARON

THIS book is described by the author as being "the natural method of studying architectural design, affording also a practical means of analysis." It is a method by which an architectural student may train himself to see correctly and to set down what he sees in a way that will be of permanent value to him. Mr. Varon through his experience as a professor of architectural design at Syracuse University and at the University of Illinois has evolved a system of training the memory and the observation, and of developing latent ability through understanding appreciation.

From an analysis of the elements of design he leads the student on to the principles of composition in easy sequence. The plates and their accompanying notes are perhaps the most interesting part of the book. They are helpful in affording students good object lessons in the way of simplifying details, of calling attention to a comparison of forms, and gives them a system of comparing masses and detail, and of making notes of different elevations when studying the effect of a building silhouette. He applies his method of observation of masses, silhouettes, detail and the elements of planning with equal thoroughness.

The fifty plates are of the kind to be pored over and studied by all the young students of architecture. The book is especially fitted for use in schools and universities. (Published by the William T. Comstock Company, New York. Illustrated. 150 pages. Price, \$5.00 net.)

THE JOY OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP: BY ARTHUR L. SALMON

A small volume dealing with various phases of love and friendship. (Published by Forbes and Company, Chicago, Ill. 172 pages. Price, 75 cents net.)

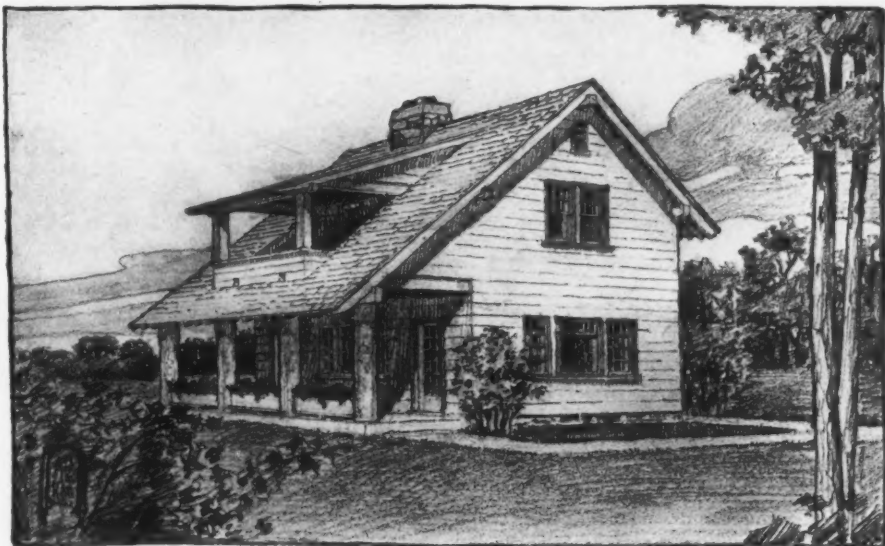
HOW BOYS AND GIRLS CAN EARN MONEY: BY C. C. BOWSFIELD

For boys and girls who wish to make things with their hands or grow things in the garden that can be converted into spending money. (Published by Forbes and Company, Chicago, Ill. 247 pages. Price, \$1.00 net.)

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Address: Service Dept., Craftsman Publishing Co., 6 East 39th St., New York City.



NO. 77: CRAFTSMAN FOUR-ROOM COTTAGE

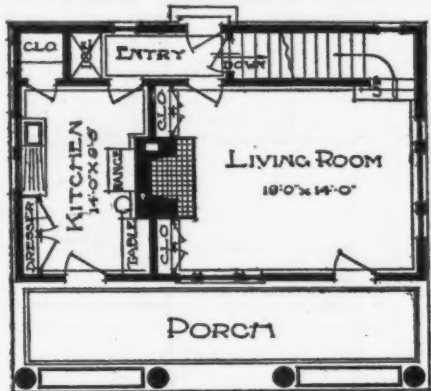
THIS house is only 28½ by 26 feet, including the porch, and yet contains all the comforts and conveniences essential to a normal life of a small family in the country or in a suburban town.

The walls are covered with broad weatherboarding, which gives them a rugged and interesting texture. The floor of the porch is of cement, and the pillars, and flower-boxes run-

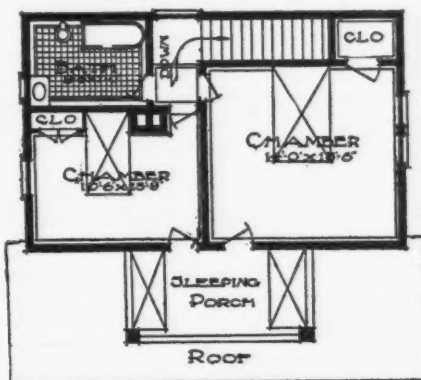
ning between them, forming a low parapet, are of the same material.

The kitchen and living room, which divides with the porch the duty of serving as a dining room, occupy the first floor. Behind the kitchen, on the porch, is an outdoor ice-box.

No essential convenience is missing in the little home, and there is much beauty, too, in structure and finish.

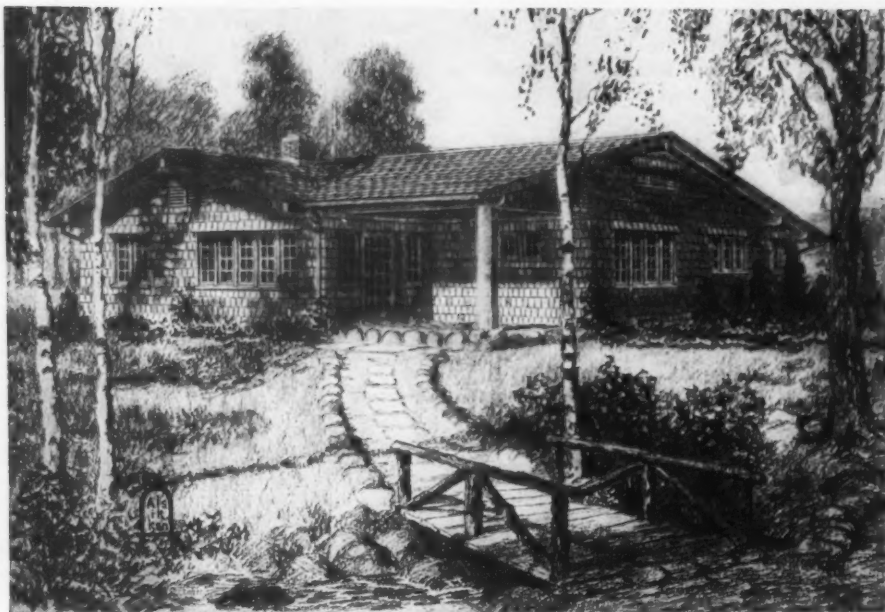


FIRST FLOOR PLAN OF COTTAGE.



SECOND FLOOR PLAN OF COTTAGE.

FOUR POPULAR CRAFTSMAN HOUSES



NO. 140: CRAFTSMAN SHINGLE BUNGALOW: SEVEN ROOMS

SHINGLES have been chosen for the walls of this bungalow, but the design would lend itself equally well to other materials—clapboards, brick, concrete, or stucco. The chimney is brick, and the pillars of the porches are rough-hewn from ordinary logs—a little touch that adds to the rustic effect of the building. The porch floors may be either cement or tile. The roof should be shingled as the slope is so slight that it would not admit of the use of slate or tile as these need a greater angle to avoid leakage.

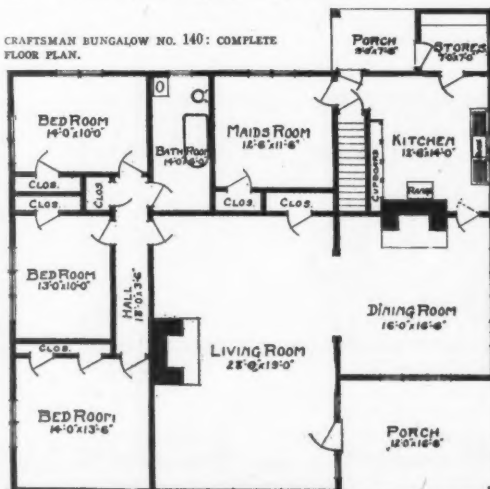
This plan calls for casement windows and except where they are sheltered by the porch roof, a row of shingles has been sprung out to form a hood above each window group to protect it from the weather. The shingles can be stained either to some soft shade of green or brown that will harmonize with the surrounding landscape, or left to weather to the silvery gray that time and exposure bring. The latter is especially beautiful if the bungalow is to be built near the shore.

From the shady recessed entrance porch, which will serve so delightfully for outdoor meals, one enters directly into the big living room, the front of which is filled by a group of five windows. The first thing that greets one is the hospitable fire-

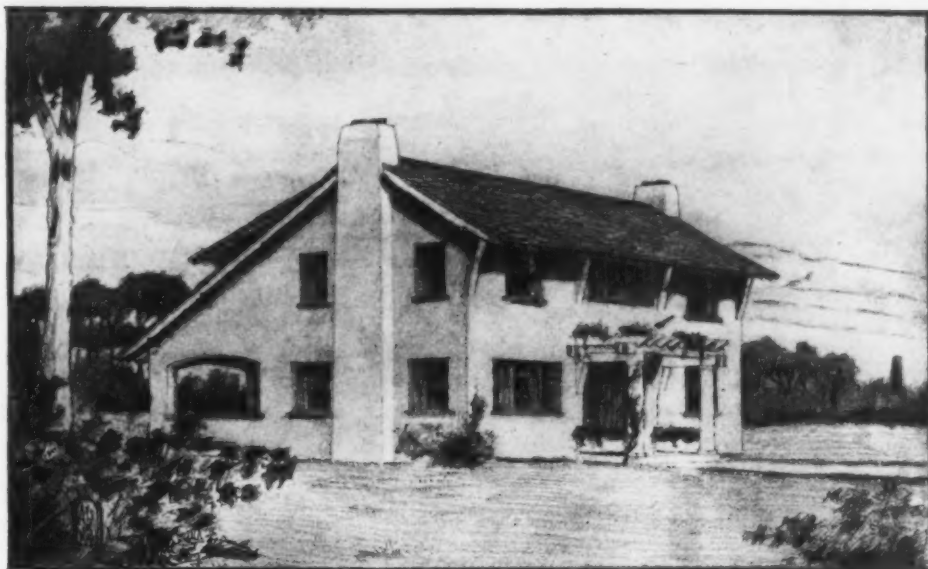
place, which occupies a central position in the floor plan. A wide opening into the dining room reveals the second fireplace, the flue from the kitchen range just behind uses the same chimney.

Plenty of closet room is provided throughout the plan—a convenience that will be especially appreciated in a dwelling of this character where housekeeping is so simplified.

CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW NO. 140: COMPLETE FLOOR PLAN.



FOUR POPULAR CRAFTSMAN HOUSES



NO. 74: EIGHT-ROOM CRAFTSMAN HOUSE OF CEMENT

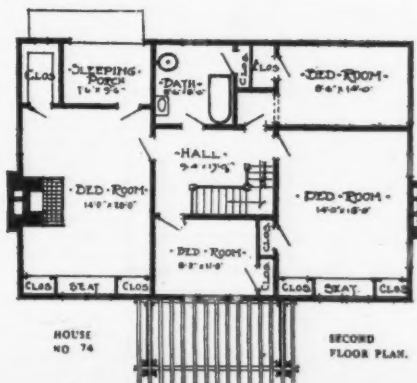
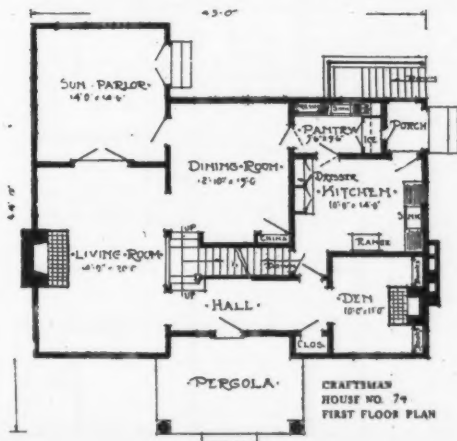
WHILE the exterior of this house is similar in appearance to some old-fashioned farmhouses of New England, the interior has been arranged to embody as many modern conveniences and comforts as the space and proposed cost would permit; and although the general character of the building makes it particularly appropriate for a farm dwelling, the plans will no doubt be useful to many people who want to build a substantial, comfortably equipped country home.

In order to provide as much space as possible for outdoor living and sleeping, we have arranged a pergola-porch at the entrance, a larger recessed porch at the rear, and a smaller

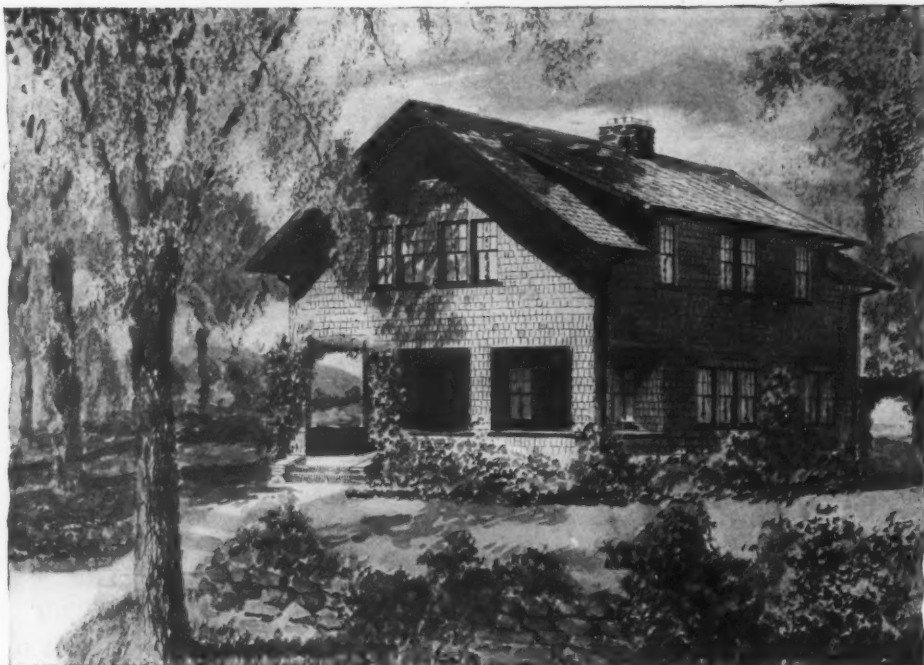
sleeping porch overhead. The front porch is recessed a little to shelter the front door and add to the homelike air of the entrance, and the construction here gives a decorative touch to the plain cement front of the building. The way in which the beams are notched and fitted together is particularly worth noting, for it results in an unusually sturdy, craftsmanlike structure.

Most of the windows are double-hung, with a plain picture pane in the lower sash and small panes in the upper one. This gives a decorative effect to both exterior and interior walls.

The wide entrance into the rooms on either side of the hall and the arrangement of the staircase give one an impression of simplicity and hospitality that seems to strike the keynote of the whole interior.



FOUR POPULAR CRAFTSMAN HOUSES



NO. 180: CRAFTSMAN SUBURBAN HOME

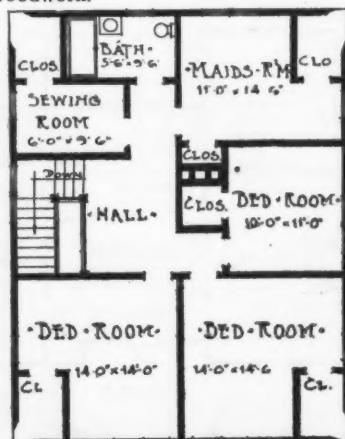
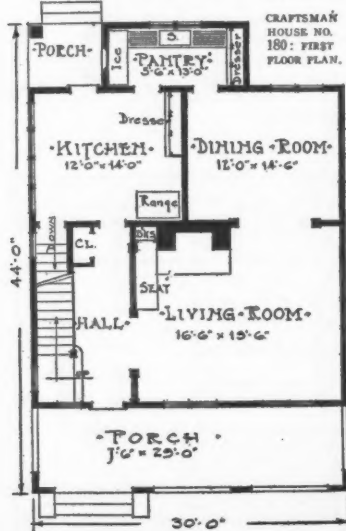
HOUSE No. 180 is intended for a narrow lot in the suburbs. The foundation may be either brick or stone, and it is always a good plan to use the same material for the chimney and garden wall. Although both walls and roof are shingled, any monotony in the effect can be avoided by using contrasting colors such as brown, green or terra cotta, with a lighter touch, possibly, in the door and window trim and sash.

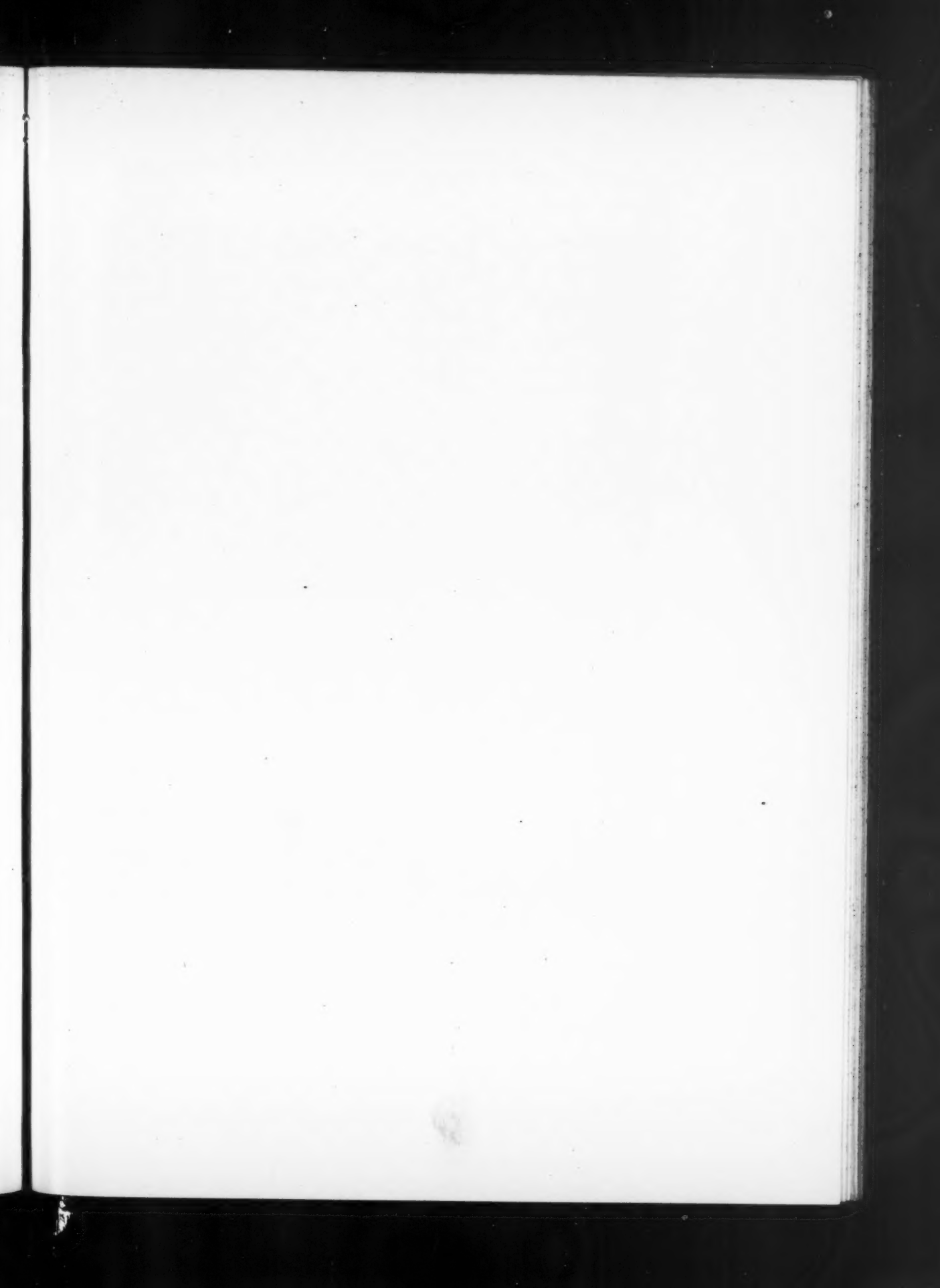
This porch not only affords a roomy, pleasant place for outdoor living, but shelters the front entrance. Inside is the narrow but well lighted hall, with a window on the low landing and a wide opening into the living room. We have indicated on each side of this opening post-and-panel construction with a grille above the panels, screening the room and giving a decorative note to the woodwork.

Beside the chimney-piece is a built-in seat which may be made with a hinged lid so as to serve as a storage place for firewood, and in the corner bookshelves are fitted.

The second floor comprises three family bedrooms, maid's room, bathroom and sewing room, and large closets are built in the corners of the house as well as smaller ones on each side of the chimney.

An interesting and practical addition to the second floor would be the building of long window-seats to fill the alcoves that are formed by closets and walls.







"Some Impressions of the Art at the Panama-Pacific Exhibition," by Christian Brinton

"MOTHER AND CHILD":
Gari Melchers, painter.